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PART ONE GREAT BRITISH BEERS
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WEBB AND MCLOUGHLIN ON CANADIAN HUMOR AND ONE ACCOUNTANT'S NATIONALISM
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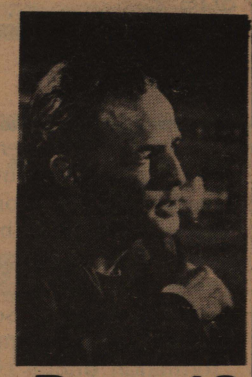
BRANDO OBSERVED



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Volume 17 Number 18 19 January 1978

The Martlet

UVic holds stock in future of Chile, South Africa, Guatemala regimes

By GENE JAMIESON, Martlet Staff

The University of Victoria Foundation is investing university endowment funds into corporations which practise discrimination, exploitation and partnership with military regimes.

The university is also investing money in banks which are financially supporting oppressive regimes.

The endowment fund is the source of university bursaries and student loans.

The companies and banks include the International Nickel Company, the Hudson Bay Company, Canadian Pacific Limited, Moore Corporation Limited and the Royal Bank of Canada.

1) UVic holds 200 shares in Moore Corporation Limited.

Moore Corporation, through a subsidiary named Lampson Industries, has extensive interests in Southern Africa with six subsidiaries in South Africa and two in Rhodesia. These two countries practice an apartheid policy. The principal commodity associated with the Southern Africa operation appears to be business forms, data information cards and related products.

2) The University of Victoria also has over $11,000 in 800 shares of Canadian Pacific Limited.

Canadian Pacific, through its subsidiaries Cominco Mines and CP Investments, has substantial investments in South Africa as well as South West Africa. South West Africa is literally a reservation where the South African government has placed some of the native blacks. The scope of C.P. activities in South Africa include land, sea/air transport, telecommunications, hotels, resources, real estate, manufacturing, mines, forest products, and chemicals. In addition, the chairman and chief executive officer of Canadian Pacific Limited, Ian D. Sinclair, is also Vice President and director of the Royal Bank of Canada. The Royal was involved in a $125 million loan to the military junta of Chile and a $3 billion loan to the Vorster regime of South Africa.

3) John Labatt Limited has 300 of its shares in the hands of the UVic Foundation.

John Labatt Limited is in a joint directorship with Brascan Limited under J.H. Moore. Moore is chairman of both boards. Brascan was a prime financial backer of the military coup which overthrew the government of Brazil in 1964. Brazil is still under a military regime.

4) Also coming out of the UVic endowment fund is $14,000, or 400 shares, in International Nickel (INCO) and $17,000, or 1,000 shares, in the Hudson Bay Company (HBC).

The HBC has extremely large interests in Namibia, a country under the rule of South Africa. Namibia produces more than one half of the world's supply of Karakui, a luxury fur. This fur is largely marketed through London by the HBC. It is cleared out of Namibia by both black and white workers for the HBC. The blacks receive from $14 to $16 a month, whereas the whites working in the same warehouse receive from $244 to $854 a month. This labor policy of the HBC has been referred to as being a "massively discriminatory labor policy" in a report done at the University of Winnipeg this past fall.

INCO has extensive interests in South Africa as well. INCO also operates a subsidiary in Guatemala.

Guatemala has not had a democratic government for over twenty years. Amnesty International has estimated that over 20,000 people have been killed by the government for their political beliefs over the last ten years, 826 in the last year alone.

INCO pays its Guatemalan workers 90 cents an hour, at a plant which cost the company over $200 million to finance.

The Guatemalan operation is losing money now, according to a report by Richardson Securities. In another report it was noted that INCO cannot close down in Guatemala, no matter how much they lose, due to the "politically sensitive" atmosphere which exists in that country. A result of these losses has been the laying off of Canadian workers at INCO mines in Sudbury, Ontario, and Thompson Manitoba.

Over the past year UVic has invested over $10.5 million on a short-term basis into banks which have loaned money to South Africa and Chile, two countries with notably repressive regimes.

One of the banks in which money was invested was the Canadian Imperial Bank of Commerce, a bank with close financial ties to Falconbridge Nickel Company. Falconbridge operates mines in South Africa and Rhodesia.

The Commerce Bank was also one of the prime movers behind the formation of the Canadian-controlled Brazilian Traction, Light and Power Company. That company,

[continued on page 10]

Other colleges dumping foreign investments

The University of Manitoba in Winnipeg is now in the process of selling its shares in companies which are involved with repressive regimes overseas.

The University of Winnipeg has also adopted an eighteen-page criterium which stipulates that it will not invest in companies that deal with obviously repressive regimes such as those in South Africa and Chile.

The Oregon Board of Higher Education has also voted to sell its holdings in companies that conduct "substantial" activities in South Africa, Nambia, and Simbabwe.

The University of Victoria holds 2700 shares in companies that do substantial business in South Africa and 400 shares in a company that deals in Guatemala. UVic has also invested over $10 million in banks known for their lendings to the governments of South Africa and the military junta in Chile.

No plans to review or sell shares in these controversial companies were revealed to the **Martlet** last week when two members of the UVic Foundation Investment Advisory Board were interviewed. The two members were Dr. Howard Petch, president of UVic, and R.W. McQueen, bursar of UVic.

The advisory board is made up of twelve members. Two are selected by the university, two by the provincial government and two by the Greater Victoria School Board. These six then select another six who they feel would be best for the job.

Both McQueen and Petch have told the **Martlet** that the board has advised investment in companies only on an economic basis.

"We are willing to consider any investment which will economically benefit the university," McQueen added.

China, Russia split

The Slavonic and Oriental Studies Department is splitting up, subject to Senate and Board of Governors approval, effective July 1, 1978. The Faculty of Arts and Science gave unanimous approval to the proposed division at its meeting last Friday. The split will see the Slavonic Department continue under its present Chairman, Dr. Zelimir Juricic, and the Oriental Studies program come under the direction of the Dean's office until a director is found.

"The Faculty of Arts and Science has approved that the two programs be constituted into two separate units," said Arts and Science Acting Dean Izzud-Din Pal. "The idea is that they are really two very distinct and different disciplines. Slavonics will be able to attend to their own problems separate from the Oriental Studies side."

Juricic agreed that the two programs are considered separate areas of concern. "My area of interest is Slavonics; Oriental Studies should have someone with Oriental expertise to guide them," he said.

Pal said that there are no plans for expansion at this time as there are no funds available. Subject to approval by the Senate and BOG, Oriental Studies will become a Centre of Oriental Studies rather than a full department and a director for the Centre will be sought in the future.

Plans have been approved for a general degree in Chinese under the Oriental Studies program and Juricic said that the program may include a major or honors degree in the future. "I don't really think there will be any conflict with UBC's Asian Studies Department," Juricic said, "Our program is much more modest."

Juricic said that no radical expansion is planned for the two programs. There will be one appointment in the Japanese Studies of Oriental Studies in the coming year, as well as one appointment to the Slavonics Studies Department planned for 1979/80.

NOTICEBOARD

Stars, swords and sorcery, S.F., fantasy...Are you interested in the above? Would you like to meet with others who are? Then come and meet the members of the Science Fiction Association of Victoria. For more information phone Lynne at 477-1980 or Garry at 479-7525. f

Are you interested in volunteer work? The Victoria Volunteer Bureau can give you information. Call at our office at 620 View St. or phone 386-2269 to make an appointment for on-campus interview. tfn

Attention faculty and staff: Job creation ideas wanted to start a federally funded employment program or business venture for disadvantaged young men and women in the Cowichan Valley. Any suggestions will be most welcome. Write John Middleton, c/o Cedar Lodge Centre, RR 1 Cobble Hill, V0R 1L0. tfn

Female Sexuality, a noon-time talk by Charlotte Atlung of the Holistic Health Centre will be held on Friday, January 27 at 12:30 in the SUB East-West Lounge. All welcome. f

Baptist Student Union is holding FOCUS on Wed. Jan. 25 in Cle. 203 at 12:30. Topic: Marriage. Also Bible study on Sun. Jan. 22 in Cle. 301 at 12:30. See you there! f

Share a big comfortable home in Oak Bay with four others. Good studying conditions, laundry facilities. $75 per month plus small amount for utilities, non smokers only. 598-1760. f

Marxism and Christianity—a lecture by China Missions worker David Adeney, Tuesday, Jan. 24, 8:30 p.m. in Elliott 168. All invited. f

Would anyone like a cat? She's a spayed tortoiseshell, 3 yrs. old, gentle and affectionate. Unfortunately she does not get on with my other cat. Call Mia Shinbrot, 383-2444. f

For Sale: washing machine, old but excellent condition for $25. 8 track tape deck, speakers and case $50. Blow dryer, $10. Phone Marilyn at 479-8668. f

The Classical Association of Vancouver Island will meet on Thurs Jan. 19 at 8:00 p.m. in the Gold Room (208 Commons Bldg). Professor Frederic Peachy from the Univ. of Oregon will speak on "the Amphitruo of Plautus." f

Whoever stole my purse from the SUB on Sunday: don't spend the $1.87 all in one place. How about leaving my I.D. and my glasses around the SUB as I need them. f

For sale: 2 Marantz Imperial 6G speakers, two way system of a 10 inch woofer and a two inch tweeter. $120 for the pair. Phone Bob at 477-1541 for more information. f

Lost: one engagement and one wedding ring. White gold with 3 diamonds on both rings. Please phone Kathy at 478-5290. f

For Sale: AGS TK-72 turntable, Taya MP200 amp, Accusound 317 speakers. $399. Call 592-6460, ask for Kevin. f

For rent: character one bedroom suite for rent Feb 1st, 613 Mary St, just over the Johnson St. bridge. Call Greg at 382-7985 or Laura at 658-5385. f

The Environment Club will sponsor a Sierra Club slide show presentation by the Island's Protection Society on Tues. Jan 24 at 7:30 p.m. in the Green Room (203) of the Commons Block. The presentation will be about the home of the peregrine falcon, South Morsby Island in the Queen Charlottes. f

Bookbinding—many years experience. R.A. Ursel-bookbinding, phone 743-2182, or write RR no. 1, Cobble Hill, B.C. tfn

Wanted: one person to share 4 BR house with country setting, 2 fireplaces, furnished. $125 plus heat and phone. Less than 10 min. away from UVic, call 477-7484. f

A meeting for those interested in popularizing the South Africa/Canadian Bank commection. Monday night, Jan. 23, 6:00 p.m. SUB upstairs lounge. f

Photography Club will meet on Monday Jan. 23 at 3:30 p.m. in the Sub Upper Lounge. f

Sailing Club meeting on Jan. 18 at 12:30 in Cle. 201. All welcome.

Discipleship—first of two discussions on the subject led by Pastor Norman Archer of Emmanuel Baptist Church. Tues. Jan 24, Cle. 101, 12:30. Bring your lunch. f

Wed. Jan. 25 "The Roman Age", first of a series of 10 half-hour films by Dr. Francis Schaeffer in series "How Should We Then Live?". Every Wed. in Elliott 168 at 12:30 and 7:30 p.m. f

Youth Power Means:

summer JOBS

Again in 1978, the B.C. Ministry of Labour is initiating a program designed to create as many summer job opportunities as possible, for B.C. students and unemployed youth. We will co-ordinate job openings in many other government ministries and help private businesses, farms, and non-profit organizations pay the wages for extra summer staff.

ASK ABOUT A SUMMER JOB FOR YOU!

In the Provincial Government, many ministries such as Forestry, Recreation and Conservation, and Consumer and Corporate Affairs open up many interesting and remunerative summer jobs. By filling out one of our computerized application forms now, you will be considered for a job that closely matches your interests and abilities. Details and application forms are available at:

University of Victoria Campus
Manpower Centre
January 16 to 27, 1978

Province of British Columbia Ministry of Labour

NEWS

Fireworks postponed

Discussion on two potentially explosive issues was postponed at Sunday's AMS Representative Assembly meeting.

The first motion, proposed by Representative Daryl McLoughlin, called on the AMS to withold its phone bill payments until after the settlement of the B.C. Tel. dispute.

The second motion, proposed later that evening by representative Vic Wells, recommended the AMS investigate terminating banking with the Bank of Montreal and other banks which hold investments in South Africa.

These include the Toronto Dominion, the Commerce, and the Royal Bank.

The McLoughlin motion was postponed until next Sunday following heated debate which saw agreement on one side by some of the RA's most left-wing members, and centerist Tim Dunford.

Along with Dunford, who criticised the motion on the grounds that the AMS had no right taking a stand on issues not directly involving themselves, AMS President Brian Gardiner opposed the motion.

Gardiner claimed potential late charges against AMS member organizations such as the **Martlet** and Cinecenta "could be a difficult inconvenience in the operation of the AMS."

He also expressed doubts that the Telecommunications Workers Unions wished to support inconvenience to other unions, by not allowing sympathetic unions or organizations to pay their telephone bills.

Gardiner claimed the locked out Telecommunications Workers Union had paid up its phone bill on the day it was locked out.

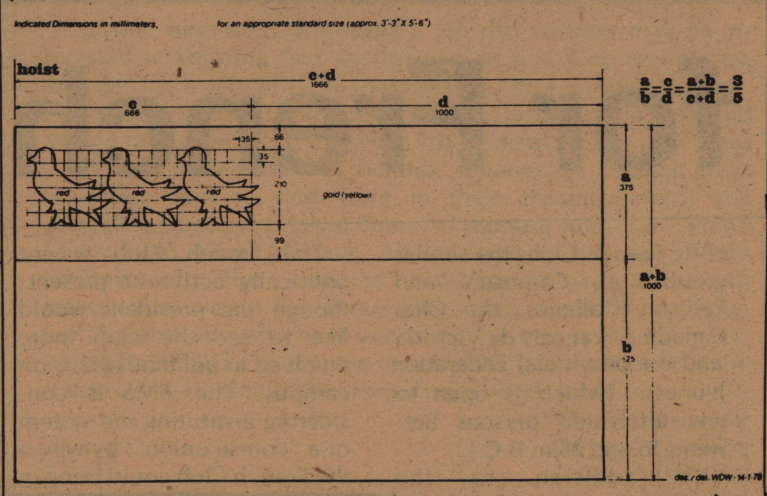
McLoughlin countered that no late charges would be charged. He described Gardiner's statements concerning late charges as "a bunch of malarky."

The motion was tabled to allow time to investigate the possibility of witholding payment from B.C. Tel.

Wells' motion concerning banks was tabled until January 28th following suggestions by Gardiner that such a motion should also consider the AMS use of funds in long-term investment as well.

The AMS holds three hundred shares in B.C. Tel valued at $4000-5000.

Gardiner also claimed the AMS would be greatly inconvenienced to bank at an off-campus bank or credit union. The AMS presently banks with the campus branch of the Bank of Montreal.



NEW UNIVERSITY FLAG DESIGN. Long may it wave over the sinking sands of a university that bought one too many flagpoles.

New flag flogged

UVic will soon have its own house flag to fill the third flag pole in front of the University Centre. The Board of Governors (BOG) on Monday approved a design for a tri-color flag design featuring a solid blue band topped by a solid gold band with three red martlet gulls in the top left hand corner.

The design, presented to BOG by Professor William West of the Theatre Department, was previously approved by a special committee of Dean Izzud-Din Pal, Dean Peter Smith, and Professor Jackman.

Professor West, in presenting the design, said that he felt it embodied the tradition of UVic and its affiliations with other universities in becoming established. The design includes blue and gold, the traditional colors of UBC; and three red martlet gulls indicating the links with McGill.

"The house flag is supposed to represent the colors of the university and has to be read in motion, often in great motion at this site," West said. The design was deliberately kept simple because as a house flag, it is not the rendering of the armorial bearing of the university, West told BOG. He suggested that a more elaborate design could be incorporated in a ceremonial flag which could be placed in Senate chambers on ceremonial events.

West said that he could find little information on university flags in Canada, and said that as far as he knew, McGill was the only university which had its own house flag.

UVic Chancellor Robert Wallace congratulated the committee on the design. "I think it's a beautiful representation of tradition incorporated in a house flag, and I'm delighted to see it," he said.

President Petch said he hoped to have the flag ready for the open house ceremonies of the University Centre in March.

Students read aloud

By GUS THOMSON, Martlet Staff

A writer's club, with emphasis on the development of skills for future public literary readings, is in the planning stages on campus. An organizational meeting will be held this Sunday at 3 p.m.

Creative writing student Bob Hill has been the main force behind the establishment of the club. "We're looking for a hard core group of ten to fifteen people to start off with," Hill said. "Right now the problem is getting a room to hold regular meetings in."

The organizational meeting will be held in the Green Room of the Commons Block. This arrangement is only temporary, as Hill has put out feelers to the AMS regarding a possible permanent meeting place, but he considers the standard procedure of applying for status as a Creative Writing Course Union too drastic for a club that will most likely keep a low profile.

The outcome of the group's initial meeting should prove interesting. A high turn-out would help quash ever-present rumors that most Creative Writing students take the course because of an easy work load which guarantees a certain three units with a minimum of effort. A low turnout would most certainly cast grave doubts on the sincerity of the University of Victoria's junior Keatses and Byrons.

Tenants' pres evicted

By GENE JAMISEON, Martlet Staff

Dan Frankham, the President of the Capital Region Tenants' Association, has been served an eviction notice because of his activities in petitioning his landlord.

The notice, served on December 31, 1977, calls for Frankham's departure by January 31, 1978 under a section of last year's Residential Tenancy Act which states that Mr. Frankham disregarded the "lawful rights or interests" of his fellow tenants and his landlord.

Frankham immediately took the case up with the provincial Rentalsman, who determined that the incident that caused the eviction was Mr. Frankham's effort to solicit his fellow tenants to sign a petition calling for a lack of heat in the building to be rectified.

At a hearing with the Rentalsman last Wednesday, Mr. Frankham's landlord gave testimony that Frankham had greatly disturbed his fellow elderly tenants by his solicitation. Evidence in the form of letters from Frankham's fellow tenants was given as proof of their disturbed state. Of the four people who sent letters to the Rentalsman, two were from people who had previously signed Mr. Frankham's petition, but who had asked their names be withdrawn from the petition after they had received a phone call from the landlord.

Mr. Frankham felt that these letters were written under threat of eviction, a tactic which, according to Frankham, is "very effective with the elderly tenants who have all lived in the building for over seven years."

Frankham feels that the whole issue is a result of a "vindictive" attitude on the part of the landlord since it was he (Frankham) who initiated a rollback of 3.6 per cent in rent in the building by bringing an excessive rent increase to the attention of the Rentalsman in November of last year. "The implications of this action by my landlord are frightening. What it means is that tenants can be served eviction notices for protecting their own interests and trying to organize others to protect their collective rights," Frankham added.

The ruling given by the Rentalsman at last Wednesday's hearing exemplifies this point according to Frankham. The Rentalsman ruled that Frankham will not be evicted so long as he stops "disturbing" his fellow tenants by his organizing action. The Rentalsman added that the only way in which he can contact his fellow tenants regarding action against the Jandlord is by becoming their elected representative.

"How am I supposed to become their elected representative if everytime I approach a fellow tenant I'm charged with "disturbing" them. My hands are tied," Mr. Frankham said.

PRESIDENTIAL HOPEFUL STEVE SMITH

Smith runs alone

With AMS elections only about one month away only one candidate, Steve Smith, has declared himself in the running.

However a reliable source close to those considering running has named several probable candidates.

The anonymous source listed present communications director Margo Stevens as running for Publications director, former Senate member Don Schmidt and R.A. member Max Tenhagen running for External Vice-President, and former Camosun College vice-president Doug McLarty running for Communications Director.

NEWS

Busy year for French club

By GARTH SPENCER, Martlet Staff

The French Club of the University of Victoria has existed in some form since at least 1923. Its purpose has always been to organize activities and events to help interested students of the university, and earlier of Victoria College, to increase their knowledge and background in French language and culture.

The French Club holds general meetings every two weeks and executive meetings weekly. The executive includes Camille Belanger, president (elected last year at the end of March); Teresa Delich, vice-president; Terry Fan, treasurer; Danyele Julien, secretary; Colin Stewart, publicity manager; and Dianne Chiasson, coordinating agent. Meetings are held in the Clubs Room, SUB 144, or elsewhere in the same building.

Belanger told the **Martlet** that many people think of the French Club as very inactive and uninteresting. However, it started to revive last year when several **boites de chansons** were held. Now a French Club activity will draw about fifty or sixty people where before only twenty or so would show up.

The president told the **Martlet**, "I'd like to see people here in Victoria more involved in clubs and activities, participating more. There is a general 'who cares?' attitude (in the city)." This relates not only to the French Club and Francophone affairs, but to many other areas.

The French Club arranges one activity every two months or so during the winter session; two soirees are being planned for the spring term. The first will take place on February 11th and the second in late March or early April. The club is considering making one of these a noon-to-midnight French disco, and the other a French cafe.

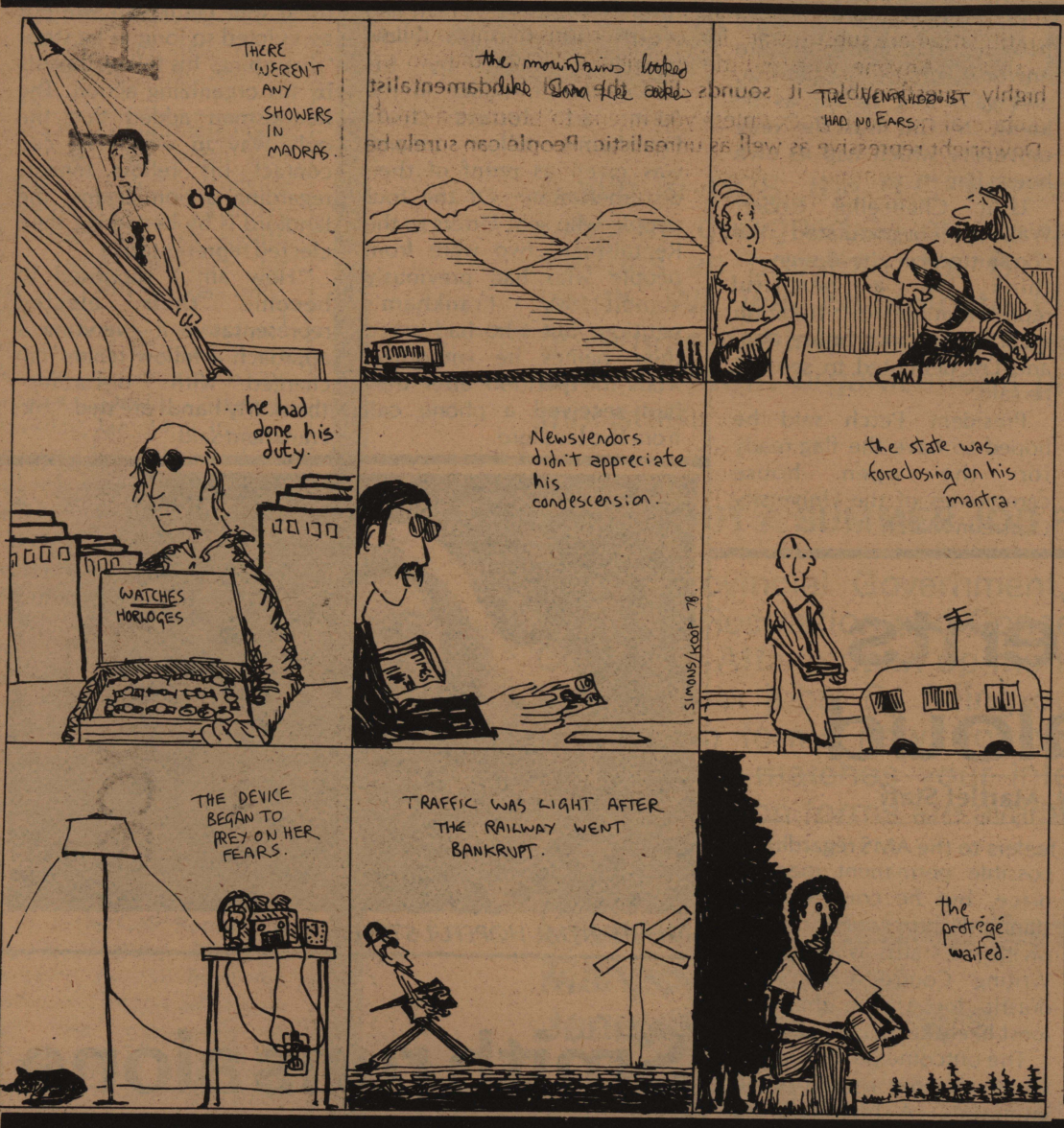
Members are planning to make the year's last major activity a coordination of the UVic French Club, the similar groups at Camosun and Pearson Colleges, the Club Canadien-Francais de Victoria and the provincial Federation Jeunesse (which is open to any interested persons between 16 and 25 in B.C.).

In addition to the regulation wine and munchies, the soiree will include music, singing and dancing by Les Cornouillers, a French-Canadian folk-dancing group. Sponsored by the Club Canadien-Francais, the group includes many UVic students who are also members of the French Club.

By way of arranging further activities, the president asked Cinecenta in October if they could bring in French films in the second term, recommending two titles in particular. None have appeared so far. Belanger would also like to bring in some French or French-Canadian speakers, such as a cabinet minister from Quebec, to speak at UVic on the French issue in Canada.

The French Club is not politically active at present, though the president would like to see the club more involved in political affairs on campus. The AMS is considering instituting the system of a "course union", by which the French Club could bring in complaints or suggestions from the students concerning French courses.

In theory, every member of the AMS is a member of any club on campus. Any UVic student is welcome to join the French Club or to contact Camille Belanger.


THERE WEREN'T ANY SHOWERS IN MADRAS.
the mountains looked
THE VENTRILOQUIST HAD NO EARS.
..he had done his duty.
WATCHES HORLOGES
Newsvendors didn't appreciate his condescension.
SIMONS/KOOP 78.
the state was foreclosing on his mantra.
THE DEVICE BEGAN TO PREY ON HER FEARS.
TRAFFIC WAS LIGHT AFTER THE RAILWAY WENT BANKRUPT.
the protégé waited.

Senate reps resign

Full-time student Senate representatives, Warren Miller and Donald Schmidt resigned from Senate last week, declaring their positions "illegal" under the Universities Act. Warren Miller has since re-thought his position and says he may withdraw his resignation.

The two students resigned rather than continue to contravene the Universities Act which states that full-time students elected to Senate must continue as full-time students, and that if they become part-time students, a vacancy must be declared on Senate for their positions. Miller and Schmidt are now part-time students serving as full-time representatives.

Miller says he will leave it up to Senate whether it wants to continue to act in violation of the Universities Act. "The main reason I may withdraw my resignation is that I feel Senate is so candy-assed that they won't want to hold a by-election to fill my position until the end of June," Miller said.

"I'm quitting because I don't want to break the University laws," Schmidt said after handing in his resignation. "I wish I could stay on. Half of this is token and half is my conscience. I don't want Senate to break the law."

University Registrar Ron Ferry said that the resignations will have to go to Senate for consideration at its next meeting. "Senate has two options," he said. "It can ask for another election to fill the positions, or it can hear the results of the last election and take nominations from the floor to fill the positions."

Ferry said that this is the first time the issue has come up. He has asked advice from the university's lawyers who say that it is beyond Senate's power to rule that a student need not be a full-time student throughout his term of office as a senator.

Pause in case

A pause has occurred in the case of the Simon Fraser Students Society (SFSS) versus the Simon Fraser Board of Governors (BOG) following the December 15 preliminary court decision that the right to raise tuition is a public decision.

The BOG had attempted to prove the decision could be made privately, by a "visitor". The visitor named was the B.C. Lieutenant Governor.

The ruling by Justice MacDonald allows the SFSS to proceed with charges that last spring's BOG decision to raise tuition was illegal.

The SFSS alleges the BOG was coerced into raising tuition by the University Council of British Columbia.

No further action is expected in the case before February.

APPLICATIONS ARE NOW BEING ACCEPTED FOR THE POSITION OF

MARTLET EDITOR

for the year April 1978 - April 1979

Complete resumes and samples of written work should be sent to:
Robert Lapper, Publications Director, Alma Mater Society, Student Union Building, Box 1700, Victoria

Deadline for applications February 10, 1978

COMMENT

Little Red Writing Hood

Anyone interested in finding a job this summer may be interested in knowing that unemployment is still on an increase and getting a job will, for most people, be far more difficult. However, we must not concern ourselves over such matters and should take comfort in knowing, "the federal government...has a strong commitment to helping students to finance their education and to find work in their chosen fields." The preceding quote was taken from A Response from the Prime Minister to Your Message About Student Aid and Youth Employment. This amazing two-page Liberal document manages to use up five paragraphs saying absolutely nothing. For those of you who have yet to receive one in the mail, you would probably be quite wise to scrap the letter and cut out the stamp at the bottom of the second page which reads,

"Original signe par
Original signed by
P.E. TRUDEAU

(Isn't that reassuring. A bilingual con job.)

Knock, knock,
Who's there?
Joe.
Joe Who?
That's right.
-paraphrased from an anonymous grafitti artist.

Just one week ago on Wednesday, a Vancouver judge, John Spencer sentenced a paraplegic to jail for 18 months for trafficking in marijuana. "I must close my eyes to your misfortune and sentence you as I must anyone else," said the judge. It appears someone is obviously suffering from reefer madness.

I have proof positive that model parliament is an excellent training ground for young up and coming politicians. (Model Parliament is where university kids take a weekend out to have parties and sit in the legislature, just like "real politicians.) I was cleverly disguised while sitting in the Bengal room with a bunch of young Liberals, (that they were Liberals was obvious by the blue pin striped three piece suits worn by the "men" and the knee high evening gowns and painted faces of the "ladies". Typical of the profound deductions of their older and more mature (?) cohorts, one of the men stated after putting his Singapore Sling on the table that he thought Walter Young was **NDP**. Considering the source, I suppose that was a brilliant revelation.

During the last RA meeting (That's your student government, in case you don't know) it was a pleasant surprise to see people with real principles bringing forth motions. The AMS will now be investigating withdrawing investments from companies which invest in South Africa. It's a very nice idea but likely very naive of the students involved, to think that most inhabitants of this institution of "higher" learning really give a damn about setting an example for others by taking a stand against racism.

All those criminals in their shirts and their ties
Are free to drink martinis and watch the sun rise
While Rubin sits like Buddha in a ten foot cell
An innocent man in a living hell

Bob Dylan

(It's more than just the story of Hurricane)

A Woman's Place

by the Women's Action Group

The **Hite Report**, a study of female sexuality in Canada and the United States, not only destroys some common and detrimental myths about women, it also supplies us with important information on what women are really experiencing and feeling, not what biased (and usually male) researchers think women ought to be feeling. One of the main contrasts with past studies is in the greater attention given to masturbation. As Shere Hite points out, "To assume that intercourse is the basic expression of female sexuality, during which women should orgasm, and then to analyze women's "responses" to intercourse is to look at the issue backwards... The ease with which women orgasm during masturbation certainly contradicts the general stereotypes about female sexuality—that women are slow to become aroused, and are able to orgasm only irregularly. The truth seems to be that female sexuality is thriving—but unfortunately underground."

One of the keys is to start seeing female sexuality as having a complex nature of its own, rather than as a counterpart to male sexuality. Not only does the evidence provided in the survey bring the old dominance of the male perspective to question, but other research has shown that a Masters and Johnson theory is "more of a Rube Goldberg scheme than a reliable way to orgasm." They wrote that the thrusting penis pulls the woman's labia, which in turn pulls the clitoral hood, which thereby causes friction of the clitoral glans and thereby causes orgasm. Yes, this mechanism can work, but does the thrusting of the penis do it effectively? For most women, NO. And it has been that way for centuries. What's more, women don't usually masturbate that way.

Why doesn't it work? As Dr. Sanford Copley puts it, "...this indirect stimulation of women could be compared to the stimulation which would be produced in a man by the rubbing of the scrotal skin (balls), perhaps pulling it back and forth, and so causing skin of the upper tip of the penis to move, or quiver, and in this way achieving 'stimulation'. Would it work? Admittedly, this form of stimulation would require a good deal more foreplay for the man to have an orgasm. You would have to be patient and 'understand' if it did not lead to orgasm 'every time'". Needless to say, the men with the 'problem' of coital frigidity would be overwhelming. And if the clitoris was what was being rubbed against the scrotal skin, female orgasm would be common during heterosexual relations.

Helen Kaplan in **The New Sex Therapy** points out: "Our own impression, which is based solely on our clinical experience, is that in our society 8 to 10 per cent of the female population has never experienced an orgasm, while approximately 90 per cent of all women seem to be able to achieve orgasm by some means. However, it is also our impression that only about one-half or even fewer of these orgiastic women regularly reach a climax during coitus without additional stimulation. These impressions are in sharp contrast to the view held by many experts, and shared by the general public, that coital orgasm is the only form of female sexual expression and that orgasm attained primarily by direct clitoral stimulation is somehow pathological."

New attitudes are evolving. And thus Hite drops the old theory that coital frigidity is a problem and suggests **that orgasm during intercourse for women is an adaption of our bodies and intercourse was never meant to stimulate women to orgasm**. Revolutionary, to say the least. It not only takes the stress off women who feel they aren't normal unless they have an orgasm every time they have intercourse, it also takes the pressure off men who feel they are lousy lovers unless they bring every woman to orgasm.

Why has it ever been thought that women should have orgasm during intercourse or that intercourse was the most important sexual act?

One explanation is that "since nature gave us a 'sex drive' and the capacity for sexual pleasure in order to insure reproduction, therefore coitus is the 'real thing', and all other forms of sexual gratification are substitutions for, or perversions of, this 'natural' activity." Anyone with a little experience knows that to be highly questionable—it sounds like the old fundamentalist dictate of not having sex unless you intend to produce a child. Downright repressive as well as unrealistic. People can surely be expected to continue to have sex, and with overpopulation, unemployment, etc. a child will not be anticipated with every sexual experience. Since female orgasm is not necessary during intercourse for reproduction to occur, why should orgasm be expected of a woman? Of course, the real question is what is the reason for female orgasm at all? Though Hite analyzes various theories, none seem to show a logical, biological reason for women having orgasm during intercourse. Pleasure may be our only explanation.

Another possible reason for the insistence that intercourse is the apex of sexual maturity and that women should get their greatest pleasure from it has to do with the ancient concern for patrilineal inheritance. In the past the only way a man could be absolutely sure that he was the one to have contributed the sperm was to control the sexuality of the woman. When one considers the multiple and sequential orgasms possible for females, men presumed to control quite a lot. Monogamy was expected of women, and a review of historical writings shows that forms of sexuality other than intercourse were often condemned. Many today still condemn non-coital forms of sexuality as psychologically abnormal and unhealthy, limiting and artificial though such attitudes can be. Since heterosexual intercourse has been the definition for sexual expression, it has been automatically assumed that women should orgasm easily during intercourse with no effort on their part.

A final reason why there is such insistance on female orgasm during intercourse is the acceptance of the Freudian model for female sexuality and the model of female psychology based on it. Freud's theory of the vaginal orgasm has been shown to be incorrect. Clitoral area stimulation (direct or indirect) is necessary to have an orgasm, but the orgasm itself is felt in an undifferentiated area around the clitoris and vagina, including the upper part of the vagina. Similarly, men need stimulation on the tip of the penis to orgasm, but may feel the orgasm itself inside their bodies. Freud considered the clitoral orgasm as adolescent and that upon puberty when women presumably began having intercourse with men, they should transfer the centre of orgasm to the vagina. The vagina, it was assumed, was able to produce a parallel, but more mature, orgasm than the clitorus. No such anatomical switch was expected of men, of course. The penis was recognized as the centre for stimulation in the phallic and genital stages. With such attitudes, women were considered to have "problems" of coital frigidity due to immature and unintegrated personalities. Many psychologists still run under these assumptions, and it has led one psychiatrist to ask, "Could many of the sexual neuroses which seem to be

[continued on page 10]

DEPARTMENTAL DIRECTORY

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Recreation: Wednesday 8:00-11:?0 p.m.
Starts: Jan. 25 Register by Jan. 23
Starts: Jan. 26 or Thursday 8:00-11:00 p.m.
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Friday 12:00 12:30-1:30 p.m.
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Mar. 22 Wednesday 8:00-11:00 p.m.
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Philosophy 416: ***Knowledge and Certainty.***
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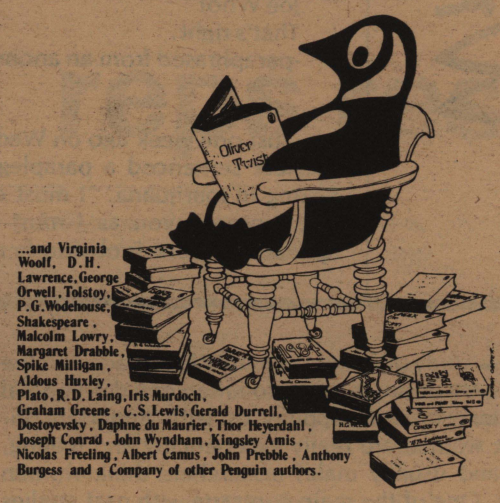
Oliver Twist
...and Virginia Woolf, D.H. Lawrence, George Orwell, Tolstoy, P.G. Wodehouse, Shakespeare, Malcolm Lowry, Margaret Drabble, Spike Milligan, Aldous Huxley, Plato, R.D. Laing, Iris Murdoch, Graham Greene, C.S. Lewis, Gerald Durrell, Dostoyevsky, Daphne du Maurier, Thor Heyerdahl, Joseph Conrad, John Wyndham, Kingsley Amis, Nicolas Freeling, Albert Camus, John Prebble, Anthony Burgess and a Company of other Penguin authors.

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ENTERTAINMENT

'Obscure' Bunuel splits images

By PAUL HARLEY, Martlet Staff

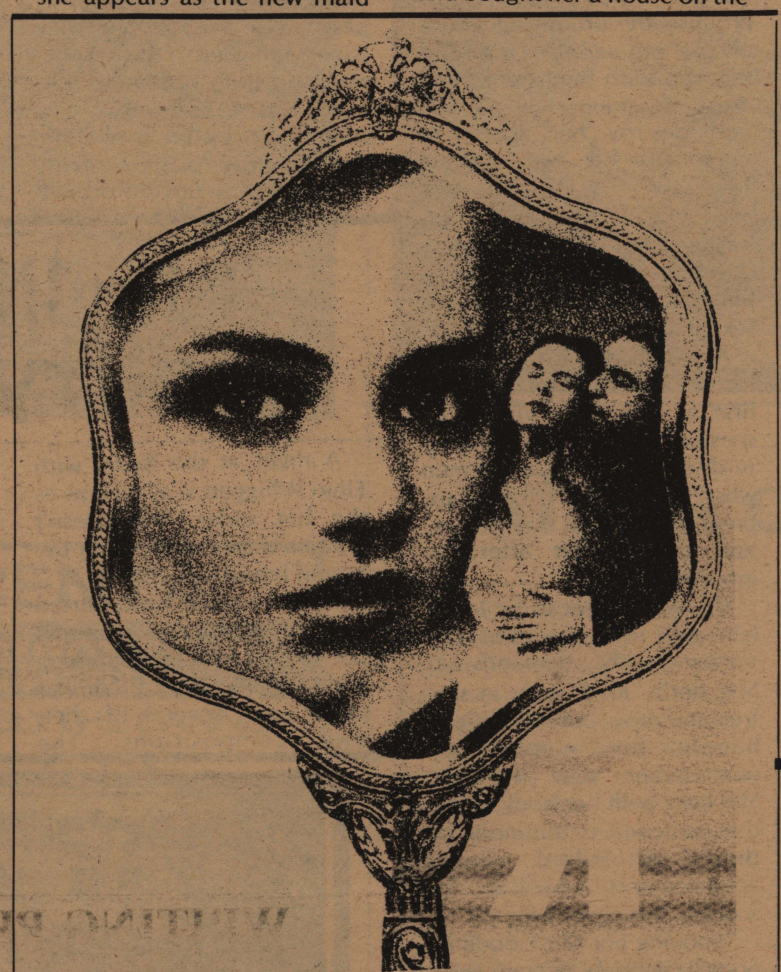
A love story punctuated by bomb attacks, the two faces of a virtuous virgin, a dwarf professor of psychology, a train journey from Seville to Paris...these are some of the elements that make up Luis Bunuel's latest masterpiece.

That Obscure Object of Desire may be some time in coming to Victoria. It just recently opened in San Francisco.

It begins with Mathieu, a middleaged French businessman, superbly played by Fernando Rey in his fourth Bunuel movie. He has just returned to his home in Seville, to discover that "she" has left hurriedly and apparently violently. He decides to leave, and on the way to the train station finds the way blocked as a terrorist bomb consumes a banker (actually Serge Silverman, the movie's producer). On boarding the train to Paris Mathieu discovers that all the occupants of his compartment are previously acquainted.

A slim beauty with a bruised eye attempts to board the train, but Mathieu empties a pail of water over her. His fellow passengers; a judge, a dwarf professor of psychology, a mother, and a curious daughter are all astonished, but only the daughter dares to ask him why he acted in such a way. Mathieu replies that it was better to soak her than to kill her. With his fellow passengers very curious he launches into the tale of the exquisite torture he has suffered in the hands of the girl.

The girl, Conchita, is played by two actresses. Carole is the self-contained aristocrat and she attracts Mathieu immediately when she appears as the new maid in his Paris home, disappearing when he makes clear his amorous intentions. The other Conchita is played by Angela Molina, and her provocation of Mathieu reaches a boiling point when he finds her dancing flamenco, clad only in black silk stockings, for the benefit of Seville's tourists.



Such is Mathieu's obsessional love for her that he has followed her to Seville and bought her a house on the condition that she will stop dancing. He visits her in her new home, only to be locked out, and she proceeds to taunt him as she makes love to a musician behind the iron gate. The following day, she says she is still a virgin and was only testing his love for her.

He beats her and leaves. This neatly returns the story to the opening scene. The narration continues, and just before the train pulls into Paris, Conchita appears in the compartment and pours a bucket of water over him. They appear to have arrived on good terms and set out together to have a mysteriously stained undergarment repaired...

Bunuel is at his best in this film—he makes the strange seem as normal as it often is. Surprise, tension, and humor are all perfectly controlled as we are led through Mathieu's tale of obsession and unrequited love, yet in spite of his humiliation, he maintains his outward dignity.

Bunuel's ploy of using two actresses to play Conchita corresponds to Mathieu's perception of her as a kind of Jekyll and Hyde, half virgin, half whore. In one scene Mathieu works through Conchita's mother to "buy" the girl as his mistress. During the interview at Mathieu's Paris apartment we hear a snapping sound. Mathieu calls his manservant and the camera leads to a mousetrap with a dead mouse under his desk. Not a word is said. In another scene he is on the way to his country villa with Conchita when terrorists of GAREJ (The Armed Revolutionary Group of the Infant Jesus) blow up a power plant, leaving the villa without electricity. Mathieu is furious and while trying to take Conchita by force when she refuses to sleep with him, he discovers that she is wearing an elaborate chastity belt.

Within the framework of the film these events seem quite logical; even normal; yet it is the unexpectedness of these events that makes the audience respond. The film maintains an essential unity through the use of the flashback sequence technique on the train journey to Paris. It starts and ends with pails of water being dumped on heads.

Readings by
CLARKE BLAISE

Poet & Author of
- Tribal Justice - (1974)
- Days & Nights in Calcutta - (1977)

mon Jan. 23 12:30 cle 106

QUADRA THEATRE

Thursday, Jan. 18-19: **FILMS OF GREAT BRITAIN**

REACH FOR THE SKY: 1956
CARVE HER NAME WITH PRIDE: 1958

Friday, Jan. 20: **FAMILY ENTERTAINMENT**

GIGI: 1956
HIGH SOCIETY: 1956

Friday, Jan. 20: **MIDNIGHT**

HOUSE ON HAUNTED HILL: 1958/**LET'S KILL UNCLE:** 1966

Saturday, Sunday, Jan. 21-22: **GREAT STARS**

MICHAEL CAINE in Funeral In Berlin: 1967
ROBERT REDFORD in Downhill Racer: 1969

Monday, Tuesday, Jan. 23-24: **WOMEN IN FILM**

MARLENE DIETRICH in Shanghai Express: 1932
AUDREY HEPBURN in Roman Holiday: 1953

Wednesday, Thursday, Jan. 25-26: **FILMS OF GREAT BRITAIN**

GREAT EXPECTATIONS: 1946
THE CRUSADES: 1935

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ENTERTAINMENT

Scoring, not winning

By RAY CANTARUTTI, Martlet Staff

"Looking For Mr. Goodbar" is a motion picture examining a young woman's aspirations for fulfillment set against a background full of impending tragedy.

"Looking For Mr. Goodbar" is directed by Richard Brooks, who adapted the screenplay from the Judith Rossner novel. The book followed up on Erica Jong's "Fear Of Flying" in stressing the female ability to create good stimulating erotic literature. The movie also suceeds at this goal.

I do not know if the screenplay faithfully follows the novel but it does force one to face the horrors we have created, and sadly live by It is a pity women feel they must descend to the darkness of men, to prove they too share the sexual fantasies and isolation thrust upon men by society.

"Goodbar" shows the fall of Catholic innocence, as destroyed by the outside pressures of lust, drugs, and alcohol, which also tear the remaining strands of virtue within a family. A good Catholic girl is driven to seek in her daydreams and become part of in reality the dirt and decay which surrounds her. The decadence is brought uncomfortably home by a doped alcoholic nymphomaniac sister who swings with the best of them, only to lose her babies to a scalpel's edge. Her 'loving' father further deepened the decay by vainly wanting to ignore the imperfection in his genes through which a crippling disease is transmitted to his second daughter.

The disease has left her with a spinal scar received in an operation as a young girl, and serves to underscore in her mind her sexuality and the twisted egos of her lovers. This twist of fate leads to disappointment in bed and peace in death; a peace not achieved until various men caught up in their pitiful anger at life seek her and use her according to the torments of their past and the realities of their personal lives. They center around a glass of cheap whiskey or a snort of coke, promising the demise of society. These men compromise the promising future of the protagonist, a young teacher, with their drinks and drugs, fragment her sex life and destroy her ability to cope with her two separate lives. It of virtue in her less than happy social life that develops into her bed hopping-bar hopping quest for sexual happiness.

A search not for love, but for sex. A sex that develops first as imaginary visions of sensual love-making, ending in disappointment as the men who enter her bed are preoccupied with themselves, and despise her after the interlude.

She wishes not to be loved (she tells us in the film), but unconsciously demands it. She finds "love" only in sex, free and easy, but is unable to handle her empty and unrewarding new freedom. She lusts with her body, while the audience is reminded of **their** unfulfilled sexual achievements. A lust for scoring, but never winning.

"Looking For Mr. Goodbar" opens a window in everyone's past. The film examines the failures in one woman's life, translating these to the horrible darkness of today's world. (Like the SUB on Friday nights). Women are reminded of a drunk's suggestive come-on, while men regret the advances made. We are all victims, the film suggests. Victims of our limits, and victims of our pasts. We are people who have allowed the commercialization of love to rule over us; and by our willingness to be exploited, live shallow wanton lives. Lives we are uncomfortable with and wish could be changed.

"Looking For Mr. Goodbar" barely misses at being a classic, only because director Brooks allows the decay to over run to the point where one, tired of being sermonized to, hopes for the end. It is a pity, the story has merit. I recommend it.

Diane Keaton is handsome.

Mr. Goodbar too much like us.

No life in Belfry jazz

A night at the Belfry with Elmo Whiggett is as mellow as the hot cider, but doesn't contain many surprises in the way of innovative music.

The five-piece band started off the Belfry's new jazz and hot cider series last Saturday with a selection of familiar pieces and several of their own compositions. The overall impression was one of good, familiar jazz with no lively variation in the pieces.

The Beltry is ideally suited for close, informal jazz sessions with good audience-band rapport. My knowledge of jazz being limited to stereotyped images

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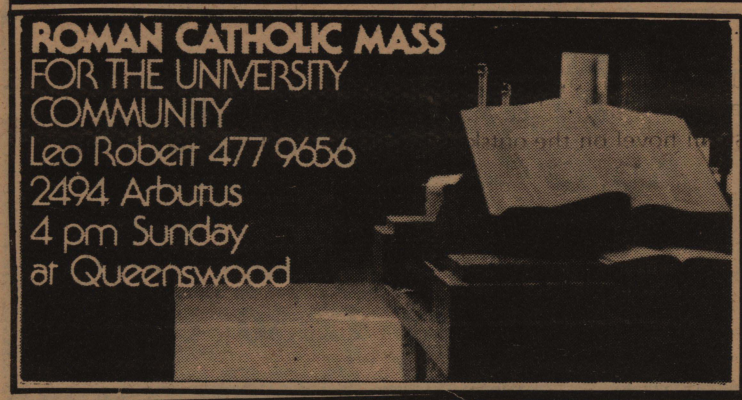

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Both Graduates and Under-graduates are most welcome.

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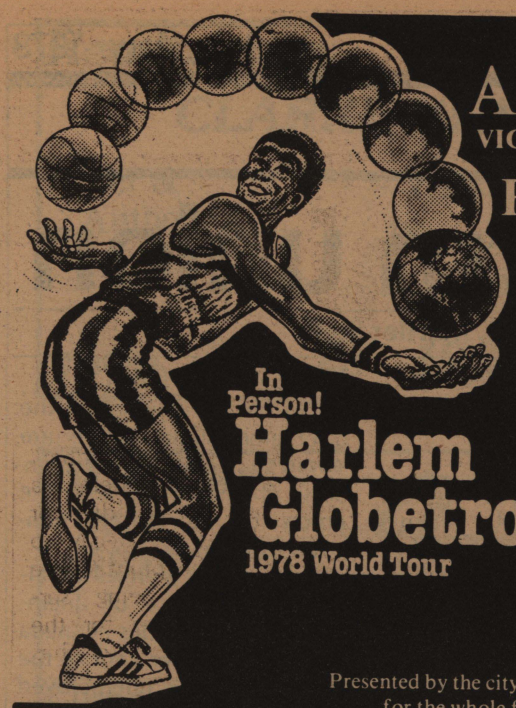
IN ENGLISH SUBTITLES

LANDMARK CINEMAS OF CANADA

ENTERTAINMENT



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Tickets now on sale at Arena Box Office & Hillside Mall 10-5 daily except Sunday.

Africa comes to Belfry

"The Blood Knot", a play by African playwrite Athol Fugard, is opening for a two night run at the Belfry Theatre on January 20th. The play was first produced in South Africa in 1961 and later moved to stages in London, New York, Montreal, Toronto and Vancouver where it was widely acclaimed.

"The Blood Knot" is directed by Ernie King of the Sepia Players, formed in Vancouver in 1969. They are a multicultural registered organization and a semi-professional company. The play is sponsored by the Victoria Black People Society and Canadian Universities Services Overseas (C.U.S.O.).

Fugard is concerned with the lives of people and relationships between races. "The Blood Knot" is a story of two brothers, one who is light skinned, played by John Destry Adams, and the other black, played by Blu Man Mankuma. The brothers share a small hovel on the outskirts of a South African city. The play spans several days of exploration into the minds and actions of the two men, universal problems of human relationships and the problems of South Africa. Not a simple play.

Zach, the black brother, spends his days standing at the gate of a large park for a mere pittance. His brother Morrie stays at home where he keeps house and plans for the future, a two man farm away from the squalidness of their present surroundings. This is, however, a pipe dream.

The play has been proclaimed, by critics, as excellent and exciting. The curtain rises at 8:00 p.m. with tickets running at $3.00 for students and senior citizens and $3.50 for others. Reservations are advised and can be made by calling 385-6815.

. . . from 8

WHIGGETT

of smokey rooms in New Orleans crowded with black jazz trumpeters, I went to the Belfry expected a lively musical relationship between the band and the audience. It didn't happen, despite the fact that the audience was obviously responsive during the first set, applauding after each performer and song. After the lengthy intermission, the audience was considerably cooler, while the band seemed more responsive.

Vocalist Barbara Fisher's low, smoky jazz voice (reminiscent of New Orleans?) was lost in the trumpet and percussion wich often seemed to be competing for time rather than working together or complementing each other. This was a shame, especially for some of the band's own compositions. "I've got the blues right down to my bones" by band drummer Andy Graffitti featured some great lyrics which didn't come across clearly to everyone in the audience because of the background music.

The band did several Miles Davis and Chick Corea songs, which, to my untrained ear sounded familiar and well-done but again, lacked any real innovative or original style. "I've grown accustomed to your face" the old Lerner and Leowe song was given an excellent blues interpretation by Barbara Fisher and came across very clearly.

The two highlight performers of the evening were guest alto saxist Brian Longworth and the band's drummer Andy Grafitti who combined musical skill with a liveliness and energy lacking otherwise in the evening. They both really seemed to enjoy what they were doing rather than merely performing.

A disconcerting feature of the performance was a rocking chair, lamp and fern in one corner of the stage which performers used between songs. It was obviously intended to create a homey atmospehre, and it did, but it was a homey atmosphere on stage, not shared by the audience. One had the feeling at times of watching a play about a jazz performance.

Elmo Whiggett is well-known in Victoria and has upcoming engagements at Kosta's and the Upstairs Gallery in Market Square. Probably a suppertime, intimate atmosphere would give more vitality to the band's otherwise good quality.

Simon didn't do it

erratum:

Sometime **Martlet** writer Dagmar Herzel made the monumental flub last week of stating that Bastion Theatre's **The Girl in the Freudian Slip** was written by Neil Simon. Apologies to Neil Simon. Dagmar sticks by her views on Bastion Theatre.

CINECENTA

"FUTUREWORLD!"
PETER FONDA · BLYTHE DANNER
Fri., Jan. 20 - 7:00

DAVID CARRADINE
DEATH RACE 2000
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Fri., Jan. 20 - 9:15 & 11:00

FRANCOIS TRUFFAUT'S
"fahrenheit 451"
JULIE CHRISTIE · OSKAR WERNER
PLUS

Sat., Jan. 21 - 7:15

AL PACINO in "SERPICO"
Sun., Jan. 22 - 7:00 & 9:15

ALAIN TANNER'S
charles - dead or alive
(SWITZERLAND 1969)
Mon., Jan. 23 -
3:00, 7:15 & 9:15

SLAUGHTERHOUSE -FIVE
Wed., Jan. 23 -
3:00, 7:00 & 9:15

sub theatre

NEWS

Women's studies ok'd

Senate has approved plans for an interdisciplinary course on women's studies, but unless funds and staff are forthcoming, the course won't be offered next year. The proposed course would cover such topics as Women and the Family, Women and Ideology, and Women and Work.

Acting Dean of Arts and Science, Dr. Izzud-Din Pal said that the new courses were presented to Senate for approval of their academic content and that the administrative details would be worked out within the departments. He said that the women's studies course has not been assigned to a specific department as yet because of its interdisciplinary nature.

Dr. Patricia Tsurumi worked on the sub-committee looking into Women's Studies at UVic and sees the problem as mainly one of staffing and funding. "One of the problems is that nobody's here to teach the courses. Two people who are committed this year are off on study leaves next year. We really need a co-ordinator who is going to be committed for next year."

The approval of the course was the culmination of work which began with a petition from the Women's Action Group last year. An informal committee of faculty, students and staff organized a proposal for the course and presented it to the curriculum committee. Their proposal included two 1½ unit courses which would be given by several professors concerned with women's role and rights.

"The shorter courses allowed for a greater flexibility," said Liz Hanan who worked on the committee last year. "We felt there was a great need for a women's studies program at UVic. Simon Fraser offers a minor in women's studies."

Jobless form union

By MARY-ANN MULLEN, Martlet Staff

Having a hard time finding a job? You're not alone. In this city alone there are close to thirteen thousand people just like you.

For the first time in this part of the country, the out-of-work are organizing. the Union of the Unemployed, a local group that is still to be formally constituted, grew out of a Victoria Labor Council committee on unemployment. Those on the committee who were actually unemployed at the time broke away and began their own organizing activities two months ago.

The purpose of the ad hoc union, according to organizer and spokesman John Luton, a former UVic student, is to "lobby the government on the question of unemployment, to oppose budget cutbacks and poor government planning, and to keep the unemployment problem in the public eye."

One suggested way to keep the problems of unemployment in the sight of the public has been to hold a mass demonstration at the opening of legislature March 30.

The union also plans to deal with more specific problems facing unemployed people: dealing with unemployment insurance cut-offs, applying for welfare aid, and meeting basic survival needs. Union plans also include setting up a clothing exchange to help with living on little or no income.

"In Port Alberni there is already a sort of union of the unemployed and they have established their own clothing exchange," says Luton.

"So far the union is in the discussion stage. There are about a dozen core members. The main idea is for the union to be strictly non-governmental."

"In Victoria there is an 11-12 per cent rate of unemployment...Statistics Canada states that 28 per cent of the people who are unemployed are heads of families," Luton explained.

To get the union underway Luton says Charles Barber, Victoria NDP MLA, will be approached to set up a service of some sort. The existence of the union, Luton emphasizes, will depend entirely on further support.

The union can be contacted through Luton at 383-7551. Brian Gardiner, Alma Mater Society president, can also be contacted for information.

INVESTMENTS

...from one

now called Brascan Limited, was involved in the coup in 1964 which overthrew the government of Brazil.

The Royal Bank of Canada is another bank in which UVic invested on a short-term basis. The UVic foundation also has a Royal Bank bond amounting to $16,000 in its possession.

The Royal Bank in May of 1976, agreed to participate in a $125 million loan to the military junta in chile. This loan was needed because European and British banks refused, for reasons of "moral outrage" and "economic uncertainty," to reschedule Chile's debt to them.

General Augusto Pinochet and his military junta in Chile, after overthrowing the democratically elected government of Salvador Allende, have "institutionalized torture, kidnapping, murder, detention without trial, repression of the right of free speech and assembly, and denial of due process." (Toronto Globe and Mail—January 4, 1978).

The two other banks UVic invested in, the Bank of Montreal and the Toronto Dominion Bank, along with the Royal Bank and the Bank of Commerce, were involved in an international consortium which loaned over $3 billion to the South African Government in 1976.

Brian Gardiner, president of the Alma Mater Society (AMS) of UVic, is "opposed" to these investments and feels there should be a criteria set up examining not only the economic angle but the social ramifications of investments. "This can be easily done with some of the more obvious cases, such as South Africa."

However, Gardiner feels that examining investments and perhaps withdrawing the investments should not be seen as a "panacea" to the racial problems of South Africa.

Dr. J.A. Burke, president of

[continued on page 21]

Readings by

BHARATI MUKERJEE

Poet & Author of
- Wife - (1975)
- Days & Nights in Calcutta - (1977)

wed Jan. 25 12:30 cle 106

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. . . from 5

A WOMAN'S PLACE

almost endemic to women today be, in part, induced by doctors attempting to treat them?" A key seems to be to drop the Freudian attitude of masturbation as a step to adulthood which is abandoned once maturity is reached. **Instead masturbation needs to be seen as a healthy adult activity; and intercourse is the degree to which you wish to socialize your sexual activity.**

Women can have orgasms during intercourse, but it takes a different attitude and awareness than is usually found. "The idea that we really make our own orgasms, even during intercourse, is in direct contradiction to what we have been taught. Most of us were taught that 'you relax and enjoy it'—or at most help him out with the thrusting—because he could 'give' you the orgasm." Needless to say this puts the woman in a helpless position and a man in a position of responsibility where he is practically doomed to failure.

The Hite Report suggests that there are two reasons why women don't orgasm during intercourse. One is that they are given false information, specifically they are told that the penis thrusting in the vagina will cause orgasm. The second reason is that women are intimidated from exploring and touching their own bodies—they are told that masturbation is bad and that they should not behave "aggressively" during sex with men. Thus they do not control their own stimulation. Women who have orgasms regularly during intercourse give themselves pleasure and bring themselves to orgasm. In other words, they know and fulfill their needs by position, movement, visualization, etc. just as do men during intercourse.

Opportunities and ways of knowing yourself sexually is the focus of a noon-time talk on Friday, January 27 in the SUB East-West Theatre. For those interested in further exploration, workshops are held at the Holistic Health Centre.

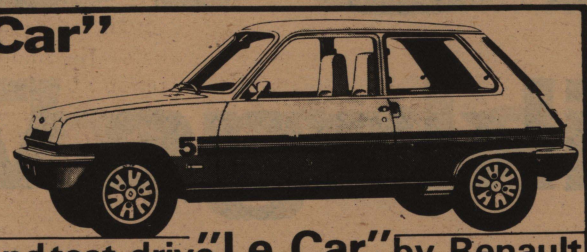
Readings by

CLARKE BLAISE

Poet & Author of
- Tribal Justice - (1974)
-Days & Nights in Calcutta - (1977)

mon Jan. 23 12:30 cle 106

"Le Car" for 1978



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BOOKS

Buckler gives another type of Canuck humor

By DARYL MCLOUGHLIN, Special to the Martlet

Whirligig, Ernest Buckler, McClelland & Stewart, $7.95.

There are two basic kinds of humour in Canada—the national in-joke, usually concerned with Canadian politics, and "other". Political humour predominates in this country, which is none too surprising, considering Canada is defined largely by political, rather than any unique ethnic or national, characteristics. Besides politics, what after all distinguishes Canada from the rest of the North American consumer Paradiso?

The NHL, the CBC, the Canadian political system, and the Canadian Tire Corporation are among the few institutions Canadian enough to be the subject of parochial humour. Since Canadians are not notably good at British or American style humour writing for radio and television, Canadian humour has taken on the character of the national in-joke.

The subject of the national in-joke has to be something peculiarly Canadian—like the CBC. The CBC is the frequent butt of Canadian in-jokes, especially on CBC comedy programs on radio and television. Situation comedies like "King of Kensington" often make conspicuous reference to hockey players and those quaint Canadian Tire coupons. Political satires and political one-liners, especially of the JOE WHO? variety, are so common that one would be tempted to call the bulk of Canadian humour writing mere editorial wit.

It is refreshing to get an occasional respite from parochial Canadian humour. Not all Canadian humour is political or in-jokeish, as Leacock and books like Earl Birney's **Turvey** show. Ernest Buckler is in this tradition of non-parochial Canadian humour, and his latest piece of work, **Whirligig**, demonstrates just how good our indigenous humourous writing can be without constant recourse to the national in-joke.

Buckler's latest effort is a potpourri of stories, anecdotes, and poems, all served up in the personal recollective style of his earlier **Oxbells and Fireflies**. Like the previous book, **Whirligig** leaves the reader in stitches, wishing only that there were 200 pages more of it.

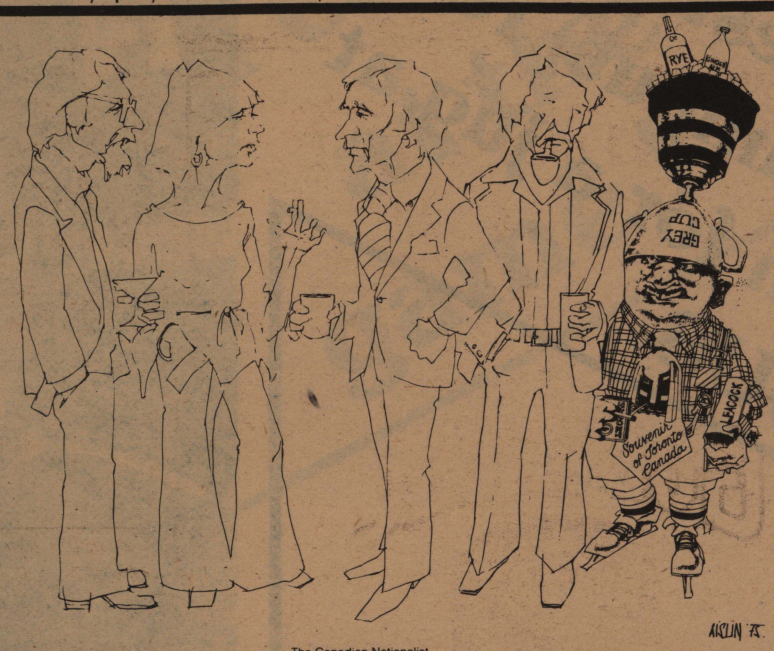
Unlike **Oxbells and Fireflies**, **Whirligig** is in a fictionalized format. The anecdotes and stories in the book are spun by a narrator, an unknown married gent who connects all the elements of **Whirligig** with his commentary. The style of the narrative and the plausibility of the situations in the anecdotes make the humour in the book entirely convincing.

One of the sections in **Whirligig** is devoted to university life. The stories of residence pranks and the general inanities of living on a campus are both close to my own experiences and amusing. One is reminded of the "Doctor in the House" stories when reading this part of **Whirligig**.

In a particularly funny passage, Buckler satirizes the practice of exchanging Christmas cards. What do you do for instance, if Ben Webb gives you a fifty cent card and you only give him one worth a nickel? For this, you need the Buckler rating system.

This kind of gentle humour marks the whole of Buckler's book, and it is only as one reads on in **Whirligig** that one sees the sharp side of Buckler's tongue, as when he characterizes priestly celibacy as "robbing Peter to pay Paul." The last comment may offend the pure of mind or those contemplating a career of such celibacy.

Whirligig is delightful reading, and is a good antidote to American sitcoms, Monty Python, and Canadian in-jokes.



The Canadian Nationalist

Economic nationalist minces his words

By BEN WEBB, Martlet Books Editor

A Political Memoir, Walter Gordon, McClelland & Stewart, pp. 395, $15.95.

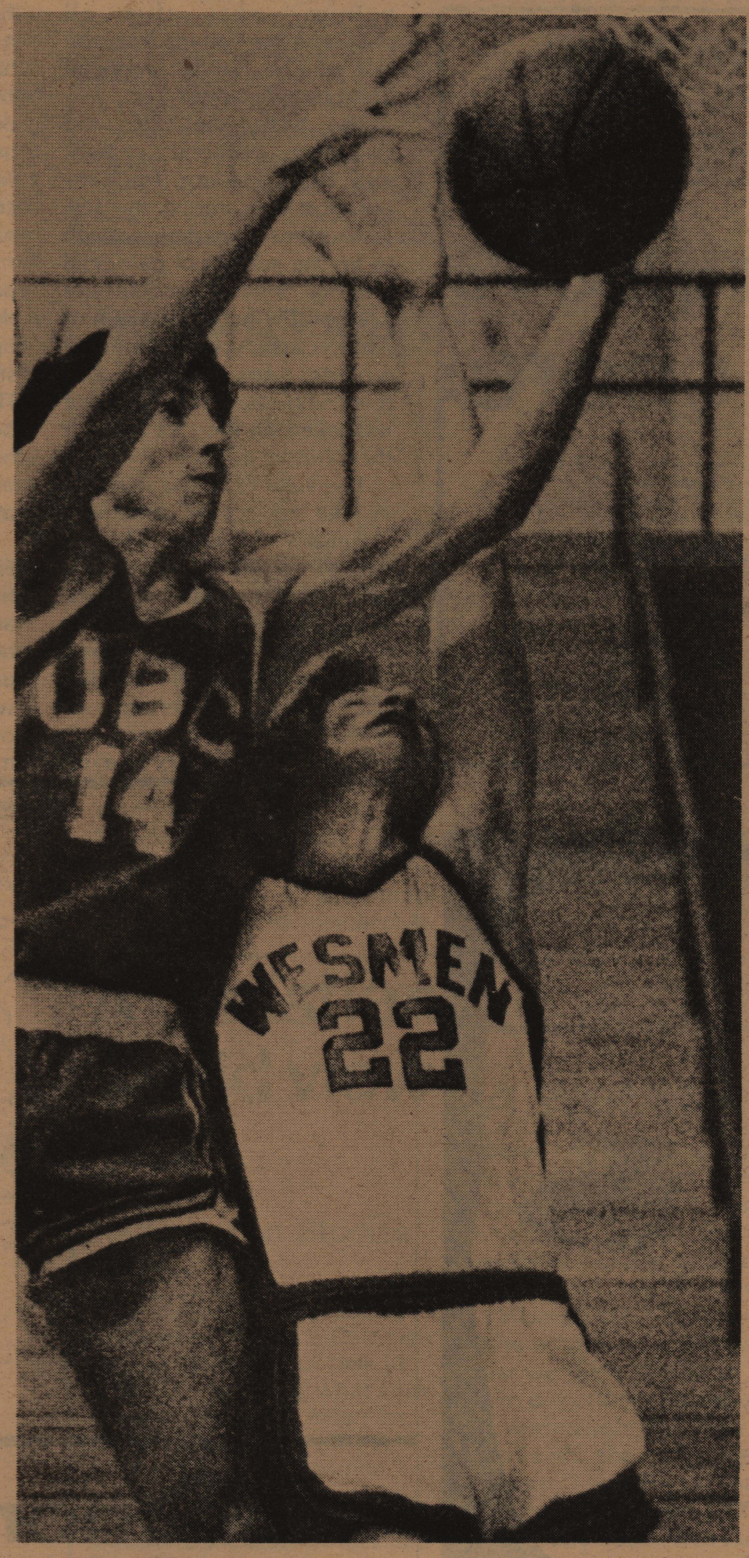
Walter Gordon is the recognized father of Canadian economic nationalism, even though his tenure as federal Minister of Finance was brief and the concrete effect of his efforts minimal. As a Liberal politican, Gordon clashed regularly with his party confreres, and was eventually driven from the cabinet. His programs for the repatriation of the Canadian economy were frustrated by the conservatism and continentalism of the Liberal mainstream, but Walter Gordon's first halting steps in making the country economically independent have provided the inspiration for the two strands in contemporary economic nationalism—the left-liberal nationalism of the Committee for an Independent Canada,

[continued on page 15]

BASKET

UVic Vikings vs UB

Friday Jan 20



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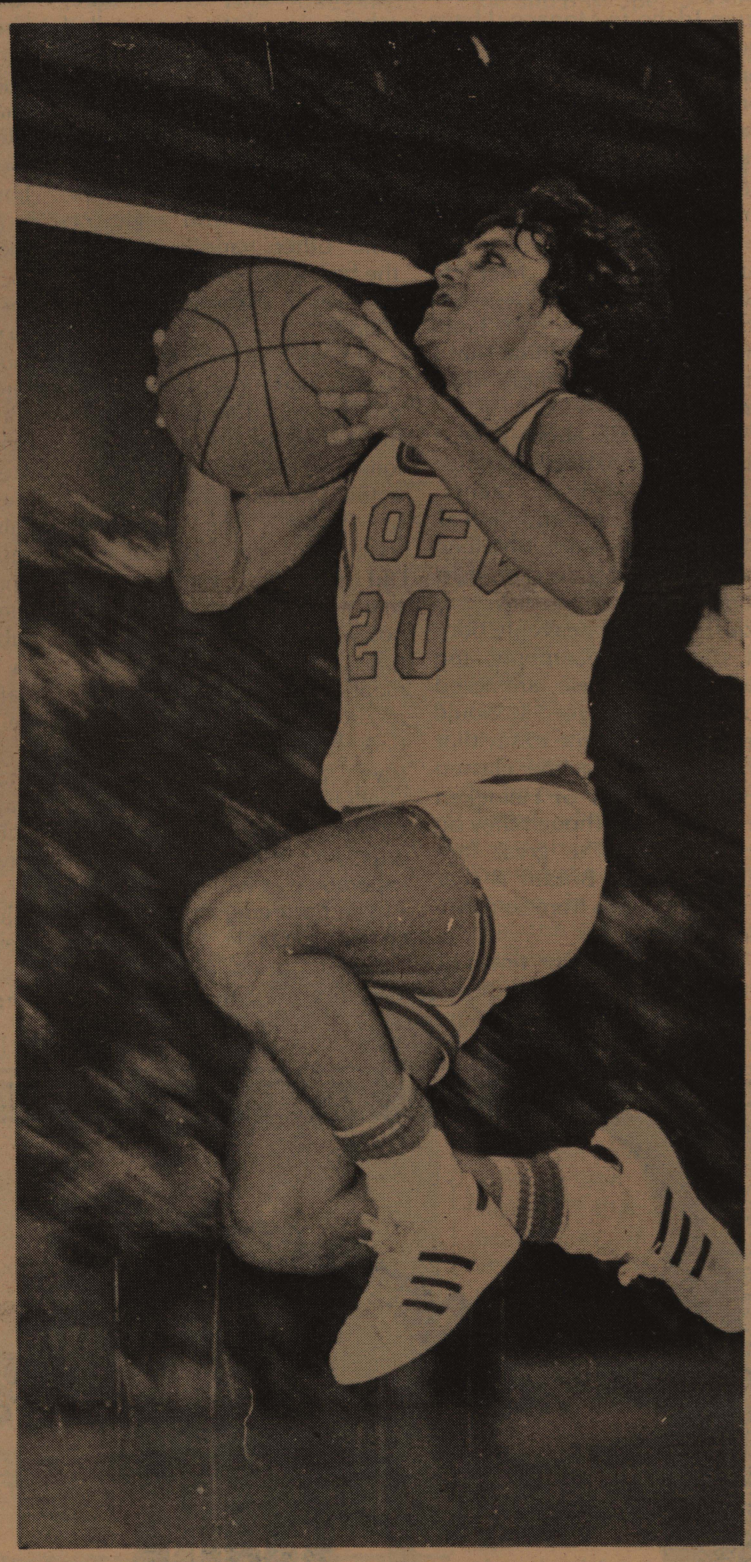

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FEATURE

Old country Real Ale beats anything else

By JOHN LUTON, Special to the Martlet

British beer is the best beer in the world. I have spent a great deal of time, travel and money in sampling the best and the worst of the world's beer production, from Glasgow to Jerusalem and from Idaho to Monaco. I have become a beer nut, a self-proclaimed connoisseur of brews. Content in the great expertise I have acquired, I can say there is no nation that can produce a beer to match England's.

And, fortunately, nowhere does anyone concoct a potion so foul as Israel's own Gold Star. I shudder to think that I drank that brew more than once.

When I talk about beer, I am referring to that vast range of ales, stouts, lagers, pilsners, barley wines, and all those other liquids obtained from fermenting just the right combination of barley and hops. (Ah, the heavenly odor of the wort!) Germany and Holland, of course, are noted for their fine lagers. It would be dishonest of me to say that English lager can be classed above the likes of Heineken or Lowenbrau, though they do come close. The great fact about beer in Britain is that one can choose from so many varieties.

I have thought at times of emigrating to the land of my forefathers, if only to escape the drabness of Canadian beer. Labatt's doesn't compare with the dregs of English beer—Watney's Red Barrel.

Were I to return to Mother England I would settle in the historic county of Yorkshire, where, in a little town called Masham, the unbeatable "Old Peculiar" is brewed. In the lazy village of Peter Tavvy, in distant Dartmoor, there is a cozy, warm fifteenth-century inn which holds, along with eight or nine other varieties behind the bar, a wooden keg of "Old Peculiar". Habitues call it "Old P".

On one distant dark and stormy night I wandered into this quaint little pub to warm my feet by the fire and cap my long and exhausting day with a now-familiar lukewarm pint of "bitter". The bartender suggested I try "a pint of this Old Peculiar," warning me that I would find it equal in potency to six shots of the finest scotch. He further mentioned that the world's record for consuming the dark, brown, syrupy beer was seven pints. I declined the challenge to better the record, fearing a similar gruesome "technicolor yawn" experience as had befallen the Aussie bartender the last time he tried to tackle "Old P".

I am, after all, a connoisseur, not a lush. Nevertheless, I had a somewhat difficult time walking, or even, for that matter, standing, after having finished but two "Old P's".

The intensity of the "Old Peculiar" experience convinced me that this was indeed the finest beer in the world. Its overpowering strength belies its smooth and subtle taste—this is a beer that slides down the throat as exquisitely as the finest of French wines. And what a bouquet!

"Old Peculiar" belongs to a special class of beers known as **Real Ales**. The Campaign for Real Ale—one of my favorite political movements—has had the foresight to lobby government and industry to protect the rights of small independent breweries. The small breweries, with their low volume, low overhead and painstaking brewing alchemy, supply the equally dwindling number of free houses, or public houses not tied to any on brewery chain. The great majority of pubs in England are owned by the large manufacturers. Bass Charrington, Whitbread, Watney's, and the other Goliaths own the pubs that serve their beers. Watney's, for instance, has its bitters, pale ales, and that concoction they try to pass off as akin to Real Ale—"Watney's Red Barrel". Free houses, in

[*continued on page 15*]

The Campaign for Real Ale

CAMRA

REAL ALE LIVES !

FEATURE

. . . from 14

REAL ALE

contrast, are owned and managed by the people who operate them and who consequently choose the range of beers, wines and spirits that they serve. Naturally, it's the free houses and not the tied houses that deal in Real Ales. The Campaign For Real Ale people, then, see the protection of small free houses and breweries in the interest of keeping the historic British beer tradition alive, against the onslaught of computerized pap.

"Old Peculiar" was only the first of many encounters I have had with Real Ale. In London, there's Ruddles, Young's and Fuller's, to name a few. The West Midlands has a beer called Boddington's; this one met with more than a few hours of my research time. The North has little need of Real Ales; they have Newcastle Brown. Over across the Irish Sea, one word, Guinness, says it all. No one drinks anything else. The Guinness taste is worth waiting for—ten minutes, usually—as letting the head settle on a draught is part of the Irish ritual. I must have spent an hour one night waiting for successive heads to disappear.

It is impossible to say too much about beer in the British Isles. Brewing is an art, a veritable way of life, in Britain. More than that, it is part of the social fabric. It is a mainstay of the economy. It is the centre of political conflict, it is the national pride.

Wait...this has gone too far. You can read about the history of beer and about what it means to England next week, in Part Two of the story of great British beer. Meanwhile, do some research on your own. The B.C. Liquor Control Board carries such delights as Newcastle Brown Ale and Bass Special Pale Ale. MacEwan's, from Scotland, is also available. And if you're ever in Yorkshire, try a pint of "Old Peculiar".

. . . from 11

GORDON

of which he was a founding member, and the socialist nationalism found in the NDP's Waffle group and its ideological remnants.

Gordon's memoirs begin with his early training as a chartered accountant and span his sojourn in Ottawa during the war as a "dollar-a-year man"—an unpaid consultant to the Liberal government recruited from the business world,—his time in the '50s as a high-ranking civil servant, and finally his six years in politics. The book is filled with details on Canadian economic policy in the last three decades, as well as countless pieces of information on the struggles within the Pearson government. Much of the material is

similar to Denis Smith's in his biography of Gordon, **Gentle Patriot**, but the Gordon autobiography is longer and more detailed.

It was in the late 1930s that Gordon began to recognize the tendency of Canadian businesses to sell out to larger American concerns. It seemed to him "this trend could be offset by forming a Canadian holding company as an alternate purchaser." The then-accountant (working in the Clarkson-Gordon firm which his father had co-founded) actually undertook to put together such a holding company, but his plan fell through when the British capital he proposed to use could not be found.

Gordon's early plan for the holding company is remarkably similar to the federal company that took the form of the Canada Development Corporation (CDC). The CDC was created with his inspiration, and serves much the same purposes. The intention of the CDC is first to stem the tide of foreign, mainly American, takeovers, and second to reinforce Canadian capitalism. The aim of liberal nationalism of Gordon's kind, acknowledged or otherwise, has always been to create a viabled base for indigenous private interprise. This, in my view, is not particularly sinister, but it is an uninspiring goal that is not likely to benefit many.

Canadian nationalism seems to have passed Walter Gordon by. Even liberal nationalists are now willing to go further than he was, especially in cases like the nationalization of the foreign-owned petroleum industry. Gordon's aim was simple—to prevent Canada from losing all control of its economic destiny. His prescriptions were largely intended to stem the growth of foreign ownership in Canada, not to eliminate it. Gordon's support of the Auto Pact, which integrated the Canadian auto industry into the continental automobile and auto part market is an example of how "moderate" indeed his nationalism was.

Gordon considered himself to be on the left of the Liberal Party, which is perhaps an indication of the "moderation" of its right and centre. In 1966, he declared that the party should "adopt deliberately and forthrightly a left of centre set of policies clearly stated and agreed to". In 1975, in **Storm Signals**, he advocated the gradual sale of foreign branch-plants to Canadians, including every enterprise with more than $250 million in assets. He suggested that a free vote to be held in the Commons to decide on this, and that a stage repatriation of the Canadian economy begin.

That free vote will not take place, and neither the Liberals nor the Conservatives will ever risk campaigning on Canadian independence. The suggestion of the free vote in Gordon's previous book was somewhat desparate, and though Walter Gordon is respected in all quarters, his proposals carry no more weight than those of the Laxers and the Waffle. Half-measures and good intentions are Walter Gordon's legacy.

Erratum: Daryl Mcloughlin, **not** Ben Webb, wrote last week's review of Rudy Wiebe's **The Scorched Earth People**. Apologies to Daryl.

1978
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MARTLET MAGAZINE

January 19, 1978 **Number Five**

When the flowers attacked the homestead the haying wasn't finished. That year, at least, it never was.

It was just about coffee time when the baler broke down. About six bales were caught in the machine and about two yards of string were caught in the gears. It had never been a good baler. Mac often wished it was half as good as his tractor.

He disconnected the tractor from the baler and called to Caleb, atop the hay rack behind the baler. The Indian boy ran over and climbed up on the fender beside Mac for the ride home and began rolling him a cigarette. He rolled cigarettes well, but he couldn't do it one-handed the way Mac could.

Alberta Rose

By David Koop

Mrs. Stevenson, Mac's wife, hadn't finished cleaning the eggs when the two men drove into the farmyard. The hens had been laying well recently and she wanted to buy a new dress for her best friend's daughter's wedding. When she heard the tractor she stopped her work and hurried across the yard to the house to put the kettle on the fire.

"The flowers are big this year," said Mac to his wife, as he and Caleb stood in the hall and plucked the hayseeds from their dusty clothing.

"Well, there's nothing we can do about them," she said, "they've been here since before these prairies were settled."

The Indian boy was silent.

They said nothing while they waited for the coffee. Mac walked over to the window and parted the gingham curtain so that he could stare out at the flowers. They kept pretty well to the ditches and the uncleared areas, but if you didn't maintain your land in this country it went back to being wild pretty quickly. Mac had spent close to twenty-five years on this land and he still couldn't leave it, not even for a holiday. It was always the flowers. There was no taming this land, only battling against it. Ever since the government settled him here with his new wife after the last war he'd never known peace, so he treasured his war memories. They kept him sane. Once he'd heard that the government had discovered a poison to kill the flowers, but nothing came of it. It poisoned the ground water.

When the coffee was ready they all put sugar in it. As usual Caleb took much more than Mac thought good for him. Mac scolded him, but it did no good because Mrs. Stevenson merely chided Mac.

"Just means I have to go into Camrose sooner," she said. "Maybe this afternoon Caleb can drive me in?" She had enough money, now, with this week's eggs to buy her dress as well as the usual supplies; if Mac didn't find out and tell her to spend it on something else.

"Haying's got to be done," said Mac.

"But the baler's broken" she said.

"I didn't tell you that."

"But you came in early." She almost mentioned the eggs, but she stopped herself. She didn't want Mac to know about them.

He shrugged. "Won't take me all afternoon to fix the baler."

"You can fix the barn door; always banging in the wind like that, it's got to stop. And the chickens are making holes in the fence again and the sty needs mucking out. The sow's almost due. Do the chores, the hay can wait a day."

"Got to have the hay in by the end of the week," Mac complained.

"You can check the cows too. If the flowers get them you won't need any hay this winter."

Caleb smiled. Mrs. Stevenson was going to get her way, like always. He liked going into town. Mrs. Stevenson bought him chocolate and let him drink beer in the pub for half an hour. He drank his sweetened coffee quickly.

Minutes later Caleb and Mrs. Stevenson watched Mac go out to fix the baler. Then Caleb loaded the eggs into the pick-up for the trip into town. Caleb had to drive carefully because if he drove into one of the drainage ditches the flowers would never let them out. There were a lot of rusting wrecks along the roads to show that.

When they got back, about four hours later Mac was nowhere to be found. Caleb wanted to tell him he'd won at pool, though Mrs. Stevenson couldn't decide whether she wanted to show him the dress and risk his wrath, or hide it until the wedding, when maybe he wouldn't notice. They could see the tractor out in the field, parked beside the baler. There were flowers growing all around.

"What do we do?" wailed Mrs. Stevenson, to Caleb. "Can we go back to town?"

"No," he said. Both already knew the flowers only attacked after their victims had been isolated. They were doomed. Mac had never liked telephones. They were doomed. There was nothing to do, but wait for the terrible onslaught of the flowers.

Even so, the flowers took their time. It was three days before anything happened. Caleb was mucking out the pig sty and he had the radio playing when he heard Mrs. Stevenson scream. She must have screamed pretty loudly because Caleb always played the radio with the volume way up.

He clambered out of the sty and ran into the yard to see Mrs. Stevenson kneeling on the lawn holding a seed between her fingers. Blood dripped from them and into the palm of her hand. The wind blew at her hair and for the first time Caleb noticed the gut-wrenching stench of pollen.

"It's the smell of death," Mac once said, "and the distillation of fear itself." He remembered when the Fitzpatrick's place was overrun. And he remembered other things as well. Ancient memories that came from a part of him he did not recognize. Something that banished fear of the flowers from the forefront of his mind and replaced it with something much more useful: respect. At that moment he was saved.

Unfortunately it wasn't enough to save Mrs. Stevenson. She knelt on the ground, clutching at the flower seed with her bloody fingers and crying. Her home was lost. The flowers were attacking.

Caleb grabbed her wrist, already sticky with blood trickling from her hand, and shook the seed from her fingers. Then he lifted her from the ground and carried her into the house. He put her to bed and gave her tea. He bandaged her fingers, but the blood still trickled out. She wouldn't eat. She saw things. All the houseplants were dying.

That night she hardly slept. She dreamed fitfully and sweated constantly. He sat up with her. About dawn he fell asleep.

He woke at ten. The sun shone through the window and struck his face. She had gone. He panicked. He ran downstairs. She was not in the house. He looked out the window. He couldn't see her outside. The pick-up was still there. He went out the door. He stood for a moment in the deserted yard. Then he heard her.

She was with the chickens. She was scattering chicken feed and clucking with her tongue. The chickens surrounded her, noisily. One of the roosters preened himself and then crowed. Some of the setting hens clucked frantically. Three hens had forced another into a corner and were frenziedly pecking her to death. Blood stained feathers fluttered down with the chicken feed. She smiled when Caleb found her.

"I like it here," she said. "I feel at home here." The bandage on her fingers had come off and she was scattering blood among the grain. "Can I stay?"

He left her and ran from the farm.

He went out into the fields. Out in the middle he stopped. He stood for a moment, breathing heavily. The pollen was heavy in his lungs. Then he undressed. With a mixture of spittle and dirt he scooped up from the ground at his feet he daubed a symmetrical mandala upon his chest. Though he did not know what he was doing, he seemed to know what to do. He felt

Continued on next page

Poet's Corner

Get Rid of It

Due to circumstances...
The night I came to you we laughed
And in those nights following
I grew to love you
Beyond my control...
To listen for the sounds of you
keys rattling
solid step
And that laugh —still smiles at me
I regret to inform you...
Late dinners and early rising
You were never dull
Childish maybe
Frozen thoughts smiles
wishes
...That I am not the father of our child.

Anonymous

The Morning

Conscious?
Observe;
The Morning, awakening:
The sky a green haze,
A sparrow on a limb
Singing it blue;
Flowers opening their doors
Sweep out the night.
To see the sun in its glory,
Hear the birds wishing all,
Including themselves, "Good morning".
The streams gurgling by,
Touch the sky and dry its tears,
The wind in the trees wipes
The mist out of the air
Now, looking through the clean, clear window,
Observe the Morning.

Anonymous

From the Editor

We've got good news and bad news about the Canada Council. The good news is that the council has proposed radical improvements for the allocation and administration of government patronage. They are particularly interested in the marketing and distribution of subsidized art; grants to media outlets in support of programming, and federal funds to buttress the sagging condition of the fine arts in the Public School System.

Last November, the Council made a limited speaking tour to introduce its new *Green Paper*. In contrast to its record of low profile administration, this November initiative came as a breath of bureaucratic fresh air. Its purpose was to encourage public feedback. Now the bad news.

You might well wonder why little has been written about such a significant paper. Largely, it is because no one, outside of Ottawa, has read the report. The *Martlet Magazine* applied for a copy of the *Green Paper* when its availability was announced two months ago; thus far we have had no response. Maybe a low profile is the Council's best posture after all. And don't bother writing to your C.C. regional representative, because there isn't one, not yet. Although the necessity of Western representation was acknowledged by the Council in a September 1977 meeting, the representative is not expected to be appointed before April 1, 1978.

.....Contributions to the Martlet Magazine should be typed, accompanied by a brief biographical note, and submitted to our SUB office.

ed.

This Issues Contributors

The **Martlet Magazine** editor is **Will Garrett-Petts.**
David Koop is a Canadian
H. Pulp is an alias.
754627 is the pseudonym of a UVic student. (shades of 1984).
H. Bruce Knapp is a world traveller, author, and winner (along with the **Martlet Magazine** editor) of the University Song Contest.
Photography by Deborah
Mark Jarman is in Creative Writing and has been published variously and mysteriously.

Continued from previous page

possessed by something intensely personal, intimate yet alien. He suddenly realised it was his subconscious. At that moment he stopped his frantic motions. Instantly his mind filled with confusion. He was unaware of everything that surrounded him, pressured him and drove him out alone. Deep inside he knew the spirit of his people knew the truth, but the superficial rationalizations of his missionary teachers, Mac and others like him, in fact his life, battled the instinctive insistence of his racial memory. While he stood there, his mind straining to contain the battles within, he was weak. The odour of the flowers was suddenly stronger. But his senses saved him. His nostrils flared. There was no time for the new ways of reason. Instinctive experience siezed control over him.

And there, out in the middle of the prairie, alone, but suddenly strong, he began to dance. It was a strange dance. His body was stiff, his face a mask, his movements more frantic than graceful and possessed of a demonic frenzy. It was a simple dance, primitive and basic, possessing none of the sophistication of ritual, but all of the power of an entire race's desire for survival. He danced like that for hours, jumping up and down rigidly and flapping his arms against his sides, as though some desperate inner force was manipulating him.

Late in the afternoon he stopped. Still possessed, he began to creep in a fluid and deadly manner towards the wild tangle of brush that bordered the field and marked the edge of the forest. Once in the brush he hurriedly gathered wild plants, roots and leaves. Some he ate. The juices of others he rubbed all over his body. With wild grass he plaited a rope that he hung about his neck. He strung herbs on his necklace.

Then he began to walk. Straight into the woods and into the home of the flowers, he walked. A part of him filled with fear, so close to the fantastic death that lurked amongst the flowers. But more of him, much more, was held firm in the grip of a stoicism bred into him through thousands of years of struggle. He walked on.

He walked for a long time. It was a large forest, filled with life and deadly flowers. As he passed all fell silent. Animals watched his passage, and the wind died as he walked through. For a moment time may have stood still.

Timelessness does not last forever though, and suddenly he found himself scrambling out of the ditch and onto the road. For a moment he stood still as the clamour within him subsided. He had survived. He had walked with death and lived. The spirits within him rejoiced.

The silent celebration suddenly broke. Caleb was suddenly aware of where he stood. He was naked, in the middle of the road. A man-made road that scarred the forest, possessed of its own power to resist the death-dealing flowers. He was smeared with mud and vile plant juices. Smelly weeds hung about his neck. It was dusk. Soon it would get cold. Impatiently he tore the talismans from around his neck and tried to clean off his skin. Then he threw up.

Slowly he regained his senses. He would go south, he knew. There were jobs there. He had to leave the flowers behind. But first he had to find some clothes.

Date Line 1974

The background: A January, 1974 issue of the **Martlet** announced a university song contest. Prize money was set at $200. Entries were to be judged and a winner announced.

It began over three years ago with the seldom talked about "University Song Contest". Lured by the $200 first prize, the two song-writers (that's us), looking suspiciously like Alan Jay Lerner and Frederick Loewe, submitted a composition of dubious merit to a judgement committee of like nature.

TWO MONTHS LATER

Our heroes, professed believers in predestination, brazenly phoned the office of PHILLIP T. YOUNG, then associate professor and chairman of the music department.

PHILLIP T. YOUNG: (sounding suspiciously like God) Hello.

Us: (we introduced ourselves) Have we won the contest?

PHILLIP T. YOUNG: (full of...the Holy Ghost) Yes, my children. Yours is the superior entry. You have won.

Us: (speechless)....

A SUMMER PASSED.

Dreams of fame and fortune remained as dreams for the prize money was not forthcoming.

THE CONFRONTATION. Our heroes, a little unnerved, knocked on

PHILLIP T. YOUNG's office door. "Enter," commanded an impressive baritone within. A subtle combination of King Minos and Sir John Falstaff bellowed his greetings and powerfully demanded, "Yes?"

We said who we were and he noddedas if we had no need to explain.

Phillip T. Young: I was just about to get in touch with you. We're forming a committee so that we can allocate the prize money. You don't have to worry. The money is yours. These things take time.

Impressed by his sincerity and command of the cliche, we left the office. Once more we could face our friends without feeling the shame and humiliation of failure.

A month passed without word and, once again, the bitter seed of suspicion began to sprout. In a fit of desperation, we turned to then student body president Kirk Patterson for advice. He informed us that the prize money had been cut in half and that, as yet, there was no final decision as to the allocation of said money.

THREE MONTHS LATER, we had visited Phillip T's office three more times and had phoned him once. He began to look a little less impressive, but still larger than life. During our fourth visit he maintained that ours was the only entry (shame) and that these things take time.

SOME TIME AGO I went alone to Phil's office. He opened the door:

Young: Yes?—Say, don't I know you from someplace?

Me: I'm the University Song Contest winner.

Young: Oh. That's right. You usually have your friend with you.

MORAL: Sorry, we couldn't think of one—these things take time.

The University Song Contest Winners

Sam Shovel in An Existential Detective Story: Where Angels Fear To Tread

By Mark Jarman

MY CALENDAR THAT YEAR HAD KITTENS ON IT, PLAYING WITH A BALL OF WOOL. I was taking a few shots at it with my .45 special to keep in practice when the phone rang ominously. I froze under the desk but after a few minutes of thought my steel trap mind came to a decision and I picked up the receiver. In a fast and dangerous business like mine you make life or death decisions like that every day.

"It's your nickel, shoot." A quick witty line like that lets them know what kind of intellect they're dealing with.

"Is this Derelict Detective Agency?"

"Yes Ma'am, Sam Shovel speaking." "Good afternoon, my name is Amanda Pussywillow III and I'll be right over, gumshoe," purred a seductive voice from the receiver which is the part of the phone you put up to your ear and is attached to the black box part on the desk. In a business like mine you have to be familiar with the latest in electronic gadgetry.

The phone clicked dead.

She had said she'd be right over and my natural detective's instincts told me she would. Don't ask me how I knew, it was just a hunch and I knew enough to go with my hunches.

I bought myself a drink from the office bottle. A few minutes later my secretary, Miss Bosom, came into my office.

"A Miss Pussywillow to see you Sam. Looks like trouble."

"Thanks Sue," I said coolly as I watched her walk back out. The poor kid was crazy about me and worked for peanuts just to be around. Her hair had enough bleach in it to do my laundry for ten years but I wasn't about to complain. She looked great from behind and up front looked like she was smuggling watermelons. Blondes like that are sort of like Mt. Everest. You climb it because it's there.

Miss Pussywillow walked in and looked around with distaste at the office decor, a tasteful mix of early poverty and Woolco colonial. The last time I'd painted the place was when Coolidge had been President and I had the carpet cleaned every ten years whether it needed it or not.

"You decorate the place yourself, Sam?" she asked.

"No, I had the cleaning lady and the elevator operator give me advice, what do you think?" I snapped back. Her jaw dropped to reveal a pretty set of teeth with more gold in them than Ft. Knox. I decided to be a little easier on the poor broad.

"Sit down," I said gallantly, pouring myself another drink and offering her one.

"No thank you," she said. Please and thank you, these cultured broads drive me up a wall. I filed the bottle away under B in my active file.

The walls in my office are so thin you can tell the days the slob next door forgets to wear deodorant or what's on special in the greasy spoon diner downstairs. Today was veal cutlet and a side of toast. Anyways I could hear typing from the next office and it was disturbing my finely tuned mind, so I fired a few shots through the wall. After a scream and a "thunk" it was quiet and I could think. I yelled my thanks through the wall.

"Now, what can I do for you Miss Pussywillow?" In my business you have to ask questions.

"Well, it's a strange request but I want you to look for something for me."

"Nothing strange about that, what did you lose?"

"Oh no, nothing like that, you see it's something I've never had. I want you to search for meaning in an irrational and hostile universe."

"Sounds simple enough, anything else?"

"You see, I feel no purpose in life, I, I can't go on..." and the dame started bawling. Broads crying always break me up. I went over and put my arm around her, copping a quick feel as I did. Wow, a broad like this, you'd have to carry a club to beat the other guys off with. Ordinarily I would have sent her downtown to missing persons, or lost and found, but I was not about to argue with a body like that. Besides my bank account was dying of malnutrition.

"Okay, take it easy, I'll see what I can do."

"Oh Sam, I don't know how to thank you." I could think of a few ways but that would have to wait until later. I checked with an old buddy of mine on the force, Lt. Albert Camus. He sounded funny. He thought the Absurd mob on the southside might be mixed up in it.

"But watch it Sam," he cautioned me, "they're irrational, don't cross them." He referred me to Detective Jean Paul Sartre on the southside precinct. He was working on the big Being and Nothingness murders by the Existential gang. Sartre thought they might be involved but told me to lay off for my own good.

Camus called me back that night with some news that he thought might be connected. Some punk who had also been looking for some meaning in life had gotten too near and supposedly committeed philosophical suicide. Camus thought something smelt funny. Suicide is not the inevitable consequence of action but there was the danger of false premise and the denial of disproportion. Also one had to overcome the absurdity of existence. Now I was getting somewhere. I thanked Albert and hung up.

The next morning I got in touch with my street contact, Soren Kierkegaard and he steered me onto another theory.

"The big money is tied up in hope now. You know, another existence, an afterlife. There's some guy with a beard, goes by the alias of the Supreme Being. No one has ever seen him but he's supposed to have a lot of power."

"Can I get in touch with him?"

"No, only his people. He's got this heavy Italian outfit, spread all over the world." For a price Soren arranged a meeting at St. Patrick's Cathedral. By the time I got there it was dark. I found my way to the prearranged pew and found a note. I struck a match and read: "Lay off, you're walking in where angels fear to tread." Then someone sapped me. I think I heard the blackjack's swish, you always do, but I know I heard some beads jangling and muttering in a strange language. Maybe they brought in a Latin gunman for the job.

I woke up in Miss Pussywillow's apartment with my head in her lap. I wouldn't mind getting hit on the head every day if that's where I woke up every time.

I told her what I had so far, about Camus and Sartre denying the existence of any Supreme Being and trying to scare me off the case. And then the note in the Church and the sap on the head.

"Somebody big is trying to cover something up, and I'm going to find out what it is."

"No Sam, don't. I'm sorry I even got you mixed up in this, I was only doing a paper for my Women's Action workshop."

I told her that I had to finish it now and got out my hip flask. I poured myself a good drink into the cap and threw it back in one gulp. My head felt a little better but not much.

"You want a drink?" I offered.

"No thank you. Lips that touch liquor will never touch mine."

But that's where you're wrong," I said as I put my arm around her. And I didn't stop at her lips either.

Dames, they kill me, but in a business like mine it's all in a day's work.

Granite and Marble

(Based On An Anecdote By T. Cleary)

Our mock congregation which toured the New England cemetery was very small. We were seven curiosity seekers dressed, not in black, but in reds, greens, and blues—an incongruous group of paying mourners!

There was an exception, one who blended with the shady, damp-worn churchyard. The texture of his skin was in surprising contrast to his dark, bent form. Undeniably ancient, his face was gently wrinkled in exquisite folds, as if formed of molten wax and gradually melting down. He stood out of the shade and staring at me. It seemed odd that such age should have such supple skin, and I gave him a nervous smile. He took this as an invitation to follow me close behind.

The tour-guide directed our attention to tombstones of note, and my ancient shadow snickered. The old man, though not exactly unclean, smelled as earthy as a grave.

He kicked me lightly on the shin. "See!" he said with a crackle and a wink. I gave him a glare and quickly moved away. Within two minutes he had struck again with a wind and "See!". He was too ancient to push away, and probably too frail to do me much damage. Instead of acting myself, I complained to the tour guide. She looked up at me and down at the old man, then she asked *him* if I was being a nuisance. The ancient bared his yellow-stained teeth and gave me a wink. The kick followed when the tour-guide turned away. "See!" he said. At that moment I would have gladly rearranged his waxy smile. "What is it?" I demanded.

With a confident, self-satisfied air he pointed at two gravestones standing side by side. "Examine that one."

It was marble, over a hundred years old, and weathered.

"What of the engraving?" he asked playfully.

I replied that it was mostly worn away. This answer forced a high-pitched laugh and a nodding of his head.

"And the other?"

The second stone was granite, older than the former, and slightly chipped about the edges. But the epitaph was clearly visible and I told him so. My observation effected an even more excited laugh and nodding than before. Controlling himself, he indicated that he wished to whisper something. I bent over and he put his supple lips to my ear. "Buy granite!" he breathed, "buy granite!"

H. PULP

Love Song

Lying softly, and apart, a warmth
against my face
brings my morning memory of you.

Lightly loving, touching hands,
and minds not knowing
where one truly ends and one
begins—only your caresses
apart of me.

And as your memory flows
between my fingers, like
sunlight between the leaded-window
pane, a thought, half-hidden but not forgotten,
still remains:
I never knew that I'd been lonely
Until I fell in love with you.

Will Garrett-Petts

Come to Nothing

You are alone with your work.
You want to leave it and have some fun,
To do something else that needn't be done,
And so you go on from sun to sun—
Till again you're alone with your work.

You are alone in your bed.
You're thinking of all the mistakes you've made,
Of all the great girls you haven't laid,
Of all the great things you might have said—
And you are alone in your bed.

You are alone with your past.
You suddenly see that you've wasted your life
In interminable, petty, inner strife,
And then your hand takes up a knife—
When you are alone with your past.

754627

FEATURE

Marlon's macho mystique

By BERNARD FONG, Martlet Staff

From Douglas Fairbanks to Robert Redford, heroes of the cinema are a reflection of the American model male. As the curtain rises and ghostly images projected on the screen begin to come alive, an American ego emerges. Every generation of the movie loving public has had its idols: from flamboyant Errol Flynn to stoic John Wayne, the Duke of Hollywood stardom.

But after the Second World War the wholesome, apple-pie-fed, brave and patriotic American figure came back shattered, smeared, beaten and battered.

Back in the more innocent, carefree, halcyon days, America knew what a man was and what a woman ought to be. Big John Wayne, riding high, going forever westward, tall and dignified, the loner in his solitary search for freedom and justice, exemplified good old frontier America. Henry Fonda, eager and idealistic, dreaming of opportunities on the golden coast of California in the **Grapes of Wrath**, symbolised American courage and determination.

Then, no sooner than the dropping of the Atom Bomb to end the Pacific theatre of the war, something had definitely changed in good old America of Coca Colas, Chevy station wagons, tight mohair-sweatered pompom cheerleaders, and of goldfish-swallowing football-frenzied men with hersey hairdo, two-tone shoes and raccoon coats.

Floating above the deluge of new but not so nice cinematic heroes busting out of Hollywood's film reservoir presented to the public by Columbia Pictures and Twentieth-Century Fox, was one young man who was hard around the edges and harder still in the core. He would sooner spit in people's eyes than say "hello". Press agents agreed unanimously, Marlon Brando was a nasty character, but quite a special character. When interviewed, which he loved and loathed at the same time, Marlon would behave as rudely as a young hood fresh out of the dark alley jungle of inner Bronx. But Brando was neither a New Yorker nor a delinquent youth. He was an eccentric, oh yes. He was an eccentric with a purpose.

Unlike Clark Gable and Gregory Peck, he had little or no plumage at all, but he had a flair for glamour, a beat to his walk, a type of male panache, a seductive masculinity previously unknown to North American viewers. Apart from the rest of the best of America's tradition of middle class gentility, the young Marlon was mean, boorish and gauche. Compared to muscular Marlon, James Dean was just a callow kid feigning arrogance and defiance, trying to impress the pubescent girl next door. From the start Marlon Brando had been the champ of the rootless lumpenproletariat drifting aimlessly across the North American landscape with an insatiable hunger for adventure. He was the uncontested leader of the pack; he was the unique Marlon Brando, the mumbling, blundering wolf who had just one lifelong romance, with himself. If America did not like it, if America did not approve of it, then America could shove it. But America loved it. The name Marlon Brando rhymed in sound and in essence with Macho Bravo.

Even in recent times with his scabrous face looking like Joe Dimaggio's discarded baseball glove, he is still the same brutal self, the same controversial Marlon though no longer handsome.

In **Last Tango in Paris** Marlon played the middle-aged American **concierge** trapped in France, pinning Maria Schneider against the wall in an argiastic bearhug—a nonliterary Henry Miller man in the Subtropic of Cancer. Or, in the Academy-Award winning **Godfather I**, he portrayed the aging Don Corleone, with cotton balls stuffed in his mouth, grieving the loss of his first son and the loss of old world virtues, commanding the courtly respect of other Mafiosi with an awkward but dramatic speech. No one could have done it better. But, above all, he was identified as the young jackbooted, leather-clad rebel johnny rampaging through town in a mad weekend bash atop a roaring Harley. The ancient Visigoths were resurrected from the fossilised pages of history and made vividly alive in midcentury American civilization. In bold action and in bolder declaration of rebellion, Marlon kicked in the teeth of middle American complacency, smashed in the window of conservative mores which had made America great, and awoke the addled and nonplussed from their collective stupor.

If dear Marlon Brando had not been an actor, he would have found himself refuge in a garret overlooking Amsterdam's Provo Park, forged bumper and grille sculptors, and watched the parade of bedbugs on the wall.

Ever since his brilliant performance in the drama classic, **A Streetcar named Desire**, Marlon Brando's reputation as an actor of great elasticity has never been denied. Humphrey Bogart and, sometimes, Burt Lancaster could act almost as well as Marlon Brando. But they lacked a strange chemistry inherent in the person of Brando. Perhaps

charisma was the ingredient. Whatever it was, it certainly propelled Marlon to the zenith of glory unmatched since Rudolf Valentino.

In his younger years Marlon was one primeval, sensual, atavistic man. He was at once attractive and repulsive, noble yet savage.

In **Street Car**, as Stanley Kowalski, Marlon Brando portrayed the assembly line midcentury man, content, homey, gregarious and jovial, the type of man who would be a proud Teamster and a good provider. Also, not to forget, Marlon projected a virile figure onto the stage, and later the screen. More than a scintillating theatrical bout with Vivien Leigh, Marlon had injected more into the designated role of Stanley the character than playwright Tennessee William had ever imagined possible. Marlon Brando's presence in the show was sensational. The script was leavened with latent as well as blatant symbols, but it was Marlon himself who had transformed these messages from plain statements into audible declarations, permanent and eloquent in their wordlessness. In one most memorable scene, more than any other, he punctuated Stanley's role with intense carnal drives impossible to find anywhere in the stage version of the play. Standing half naked at the bottom of a fire escape, a torn shirt which accentuated rather than concealed the bulging contours of his torso, hollering "Stella, Stella!", the meaning was candid. No longer able to ignore her husband's mating call, Stella came rushing out of her sanctuary and into Stanley's caress, kissing dry the sweat on his brows, inviting her man to ravage her, to send her "colour lights flashing."

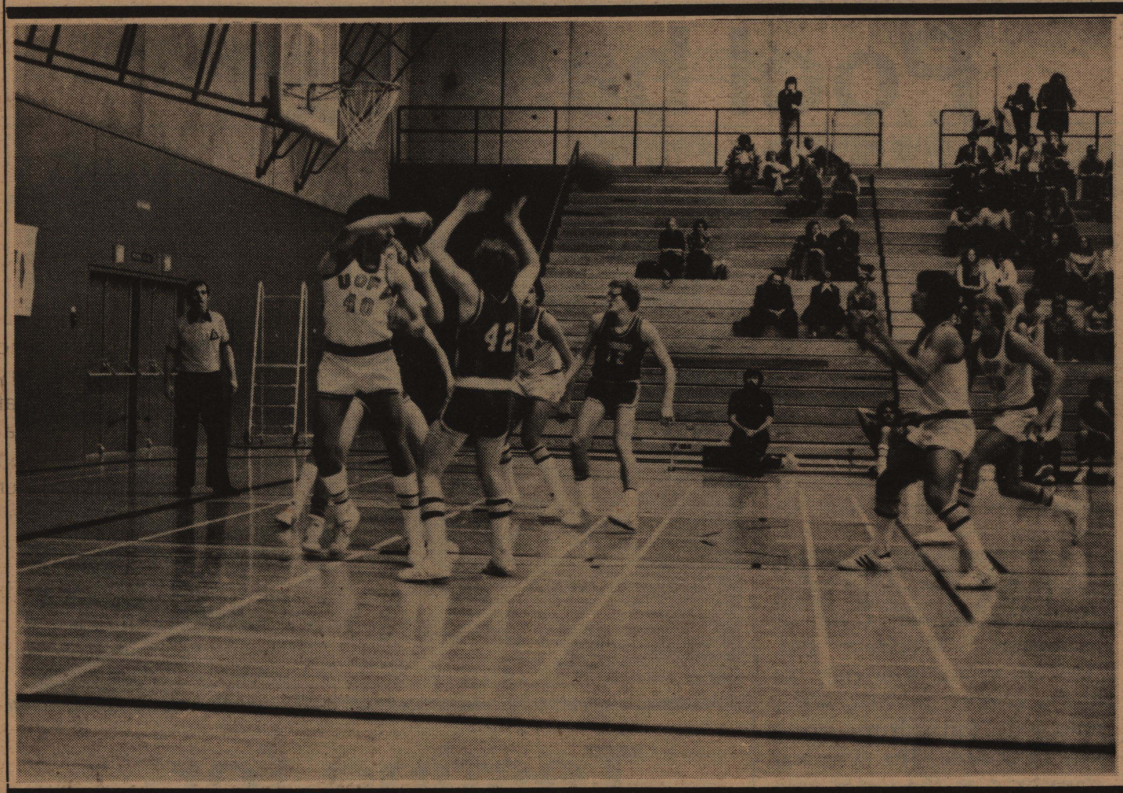
The Wild One was not an exceptionally artistic movie but it had many social comments to raise about the perennial conflict between society and youth. The audience never did come to understand the cause of Johnny's rage and contempt, but still the man-child rebel, constantly fluctuating between moments of toughness and tenderness, dramatized by Marlon Brando was very real, very identifiable. Not knowing the source of his fury did not prevent people from grasping in spirit the recalcitrant anger he felt. No doubt here was a young man who had decided that, after having been frustrated by the mundane work life which he could not bear and stifled by the strict social values which he detested, there was no other way of protesting against society and asserting his own individuality unless he buried all visible traces of his sensitivity. In Johnny's world manhood was equated with cocky insubordination to law and order. He had become a law unto himself; a renegade in defiance of discipline in any form. Similar to youth everywhere, Johnny could not voice his pains in an articulate manner. His nihilistic philosophy was embodied not in words but inscribed in what action he took. For a man like Johnny language was academic, indecipherable. He spoke with his body. He talked through the thundering loudness of the engine of his beloved bike.

The issue of labour and unionisation seemed to have been solved in the strife-stricken thirties. But **On the Water Front**, a performance which won Marlon Brando an Academy Award for best actor in 1954, the hidden crimes and perfidy of union corruption came back to attention again. In this movie, directed by Elia Kazan, Marlon played the over-the-prime pugilist who almost martyred himself for the sake of striking dock workers who had despised him. As Terry Malloy, Marlon Brando was at his best depicting the gradual yet poignant transformation of a hired thug to a defender of the common cause. Sparked by his love for Edie, a young woman he admired for her charm and intelligence, Terry was motivated to confess his sins and repent his transgressions. As an ultimate expression of atonement, he challenged the dockyard gangsters and his own brother, and in the end he nearly had himself killed. Though chivalrous, Terry was not an endearing man until near the fall of the curtain. Yet in moments such as the scene in which he tried to recall his past to Edie, he was magnificent. In his semi-coherent speech, Terry's facial expressions and body gestures had revealed much more than any fluent flow of words. And when the climax came, as the workers followed Terry towards the dock, the thrill must have tingled many a viewer.

Rather it was the lone rider with a long serape draping over his shoulders and a hat pulled low over his face, or the fast draw sheriff in **The Chase**, every role he has played was (and is) definitely Brando. More than any actor, the young Marlon Brando's image is inseparable from the characters he has immortalized in his acting career.

He is a sullenly sexual actor, not a carnal one, even though he has deteriorated physically. He is still today a superbly insightful actor able to absorb the role he is designated to play and, in so doing, able to reveal certain features of that character which no one else can duplicate. **Last Tango in Paris** may have tarnished somewhat his image as a good dramatic actor, but **Marlon's** macho mystique shall survive as long as his previous twenty-five films are shown. **Candy**, **Mutiny on the Bounty**, and a few others were disasters for Marlon, yet he shall be remembered by his successful movies. No other actor in America has been vilified or misunderstood as much as Marlon Brando, but for a man with a deep social conscience, criticism, however unfair, is an irritation he has to countenance. But whatever negative opinions critics have of him, Marlon's great ability as an actor is proven by the number of imitators he has had throughout his dramatic career. Marlon Brando's masculine secret is really no secret at all; it is simply that he is as he was, a great actor who happens to have a unique style.

SPORTS AND RECREATION



Vikettes celebrate 50

The University of Victoria Vikettes hit 50 consecutive wins in two-and-a- half years of conference play Saturday when the club downed Lethbridge 93-37 at McKinnon Gym.

The club's early lead was established by the Mike Gallo coached regulars. The power of the squad was evident when Gallo substituted freely and continued to dominate the action.

Carol Turney led the UVic scoring machine with 27 points while Luanne Hebb contributed 16 points and Leslie Godfrey tallied 15. Donna Hanna was the lone Lethbridge to hit double figures, finishing the game with 12 points.

The victory was the second win of a two-game series for the Vikettes. The Vikettes humbled Lethbridge 90-36 Friday.

Turney, the league's leading scorer, improved her 23-points-per-game average with 29 while Hebb and Shelley Godfrey contributed 18 points apiece Friday.

The Vikettes hit for 59 per cent from the field while the visitors squeezed a 26 per cent performance.

The Vikings managed to stay atop the Canada West University Athletic Association (CWUAA) league by defeating the Lethbridge Pronghorns 103-75 Saturday and 86-75 Friday.

Billy Loos was the Viking strong man in the two-game series. Loos scored 27 points in Saturday's game and contributed 30 points Friday. Chris Hebb, the steadiest Viking player this season, added 12 points for UVic Saturday and 17 points Friday.

Lethbridge received its spark from Ernie Hill. Hill needed the first half of Friday's game to warm up before he was capable of leading the Pronhorns. Hill's weekend efforts left him with 24 points Saturday and 23 points Friday.

The University of British Columbia squads are scheduled to meet the Vikings and Vikettes at UVic this weekend.

The UVic junior varsity squad dropped an exhibition game to Western Washington State College 71-45 Saturday.

Turnovers played a significant role in UVic's defeat. In the remaining five minutes of the game WWS cashed in on five UVic turnovers and increased its 12-point lead to 22 points.

Rick Jefferys was the club's top scorer with 11 points.

Talks at noon

Have you ever watched joggers and other fitness nuts doing their thing and wondered what you have to do to join them?

McKinnon's Out to Lunch Bunch will be meeting again this term three times a week and will acquaint participants to the theory of exercise and running, jumping, and swimming.

The group will meet every Monday, Wednesday, and Friday for eight weeks from 12:30 to 1:30 p.m. in the McKinnon gym.

"The course will give a broad exposure to many facets of exercising," Brian Cook, the Bunch instructor said.

"We will start with some sort of fitness test and exercise theory," he said. The first activity will be jogging but the group will get involved with acquatics and weight-lifting as the course goes on.

Cook will limit the group to 25 members this term. Interested people can register in McKinnon 121. The fee is $12.

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SPORTS AND RECREATION

Pool bash set

It is expected that records will be broken during this year's annual Novelty Swim Meet on Jan. 27.

Event organizer Mike Weddell also expects everyone to have a lot of fun and is hoping for a huge turnout.

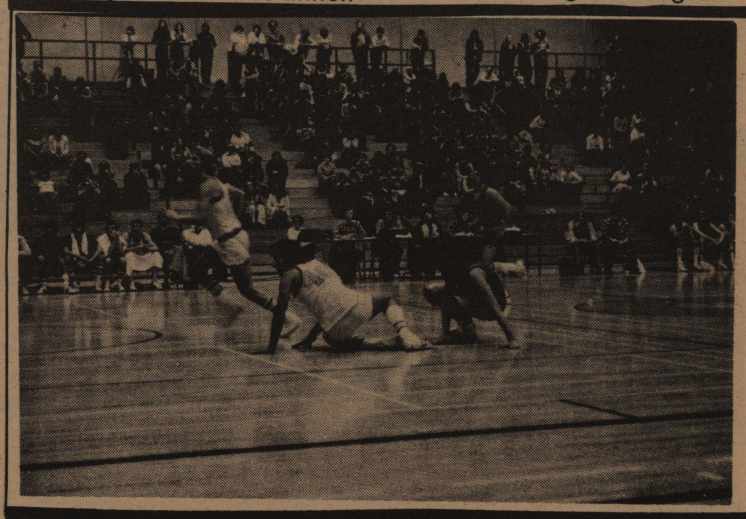
The two-hour swim meet with de-emphasize the competitive aspect although prizes for winning and booby prizes for losing will be awarded.

"We have arranged the events this year in such a way that good swimmers will be hampered," Weddell said. "Last year, for example, we had a contest pushing water polo balls through the water with your nose. The even was a washout as the water polo players easily won by dribbling down the pool. This year we will use beach balls so the experts won't be able to see over them as they dribble."

Other events will include a race with a squash ball sitting in a spoon firmly clenched in the teeth, inner tube races, dog paddle races (where the hands cannot recover out of the water or behind the shoulders), a clothing relay race, and a tug-of-war in inner tubes.

This year there will be a faculty "flips" team challenging any and all student comers.

The meet will take place Friday, January 27 from 3:30 to 5:30 p.m. in the McKinnon 121 until January 25. Spectators are being encouraged.



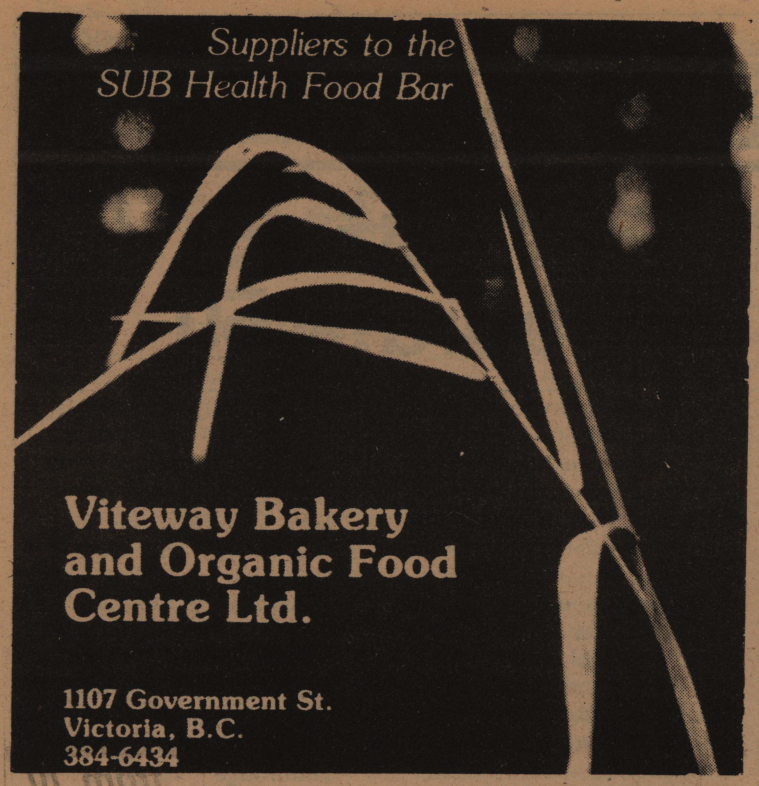
Testing for the body

A physical fitness testing program is currently under way at the University of Victoria.

The testing program is designed to measure an individual's fitness level and how an individual may strive to improve personal fitness. Included in the test is a measure of aerobic capacity, flexibility and strength.

A fitness test is an important part of getting in shape, according to Brian Cook, president of the Physical Education Student Association. Fitness tests pinpoint the areas needing work and chart improvements by comparing future test results with those obtained at the beginning of the program, he said.

The testing is being conducted in the east-west lounge of the Student Union Building from 11:30 a.m. to 4:30 p.m. on January 19 and 20.



Athletics and Recreation
INTRAMURAL LEAGUES

BASKETBALL
(Competitive & Recreation League)
(Men & Women)
Tuesday 8:00-11:00 p.m.
Starts: Jan. 24
Register by Jan. 20 at
Mck 121

Athletics and Recreation
INTRAMURAL LEAGUES

FLOOR HOCKEY
[Men & Women]
Monday 7:30-11:00 p.m.
Starts: Jan. 23 Old Gym
Register by Jan. 18 at Mck 121

CO-ED INNER TUBE WATER POLO
(Recreation & Competitive League)
Wednesday 7:00-9:00 p.m.
Starts: Jan. 25
Register by Jan. 23 at Mck 121

NEWS

Labor-Education Ministers' Conference:

Youth still unemployed

By DAVE CONNELL and RAY CANTARUTTI, Martlet Staff

"Volatile labor market behavior on the part of youth is not new," a federal Department of Manpower and Immigration press release stated recently. When federal and provincial ministers of education and labor met in Victoria this week to discuss education-employment cooperation, they, too, found no new solutions to an old problem.

Cooperation between the two levels of government was called for again. Education is adminstered by the individual provinces while employment is dealt with federally. One program which the conference focused a good deal of attention on is the already existing JETP (Job Experience Training Program). It is proposed that this program be related to the Manpower "Choices" computer project to further guide young people to making career decisions.

Federal manpower minister Bud Cullen, who organized the conference, met with the press late Tuesday after the scheduled conference was postponed three times for various reasons. His introductory briefing, summarizing the direction of the conference to that point, concentrated almost entirely on the need for "discussion" and "consultation". This focus was the basis for extensive attacks on the usefulness of the conference in general. When asked by the **Martlet** whether unemployed graduate students would be allowed to enter apprenticeship programs, Cullen stated that businesses, rather than government, should provide job incentives, insofar as young Canadians were losing jobs by staying in school, by jumping from job to job, and by threats from qualified foreign tradesmen.

Cullen later said that the federal government was interested in providing more money for occupational programs. Quebec education minister Claude Morin and British Columbia labor minister Allan Williams agreed, provided proper jurisdiction was respected.

Cullen suggested there was a link between education and unemployment among young people. The **Martlet** then asked Cullen if it was not a government's inability to create jobs that was the real problem. To this he replied that there were 280,000 more unemployed young people in Canada than last year, and that the Canadian job market was affected by world conditions. He also added that help must be given by all sectors of the economy to bring young people and jobs together, and that industry and government must make better use of young people and their skills.

INVESTMENTS

. . . from 10

the UVic Faculty Association, speaking on his own behalf, is also "strongly opposed" to these investments.

When asked if the investments should be withdrawn, Dr. Burke replied that, "although we hold no big economic clout with these investments, for the moral principle that is involved here, I think withdrawal should be seriously considered."

Dr. Howard Petch, president of UVic, and a member of the Foundation Investment Advisory Board, although stating that he personally "deplored the situation in South Africa and Chile," says he feels that the most important factor is realizing a "good return on our investments."

"You shouldn't get too guilt-ridden over something that is happening thousands of miles away," Dr. Petch added.

When asked if members of the advisory board should look into where the univeristy's money is ending up, Petch replied; "Personally, I haven't got the time to look into where the companies and banks are using our money."

However, when asked if he could recommend to the board to set up a criteria that takes the social ramifications of future investments into consideration, Petch replied that he would be "happy to".

No commitment was made, however, regarding the fate of UVic's outstanding investments.

Your Feet - A Great Team!

UNIVERSITY OF VICTORIA - UNIVERSITY OF WATERLOO JOGGER'S CHALLENGE IS OFF AND RUNNING

STARTING DATE: MONDAY, january 23 , 1978
CLOSING DATE: SUNDAY, March 19, 1978

Jog a minimum of 24 miles within the pericd of eight weeks
(3 miles a week for eight weeks or
6 miles a week for four weeks or whatever).
Jog 24 miles before March 19
Group prizes

UNIVERSITY OF WATERLOO -
UNIVERSITY OF VICTORIA

JOGGER'S CHALLENGE

REGISTRATION FORM
Register McK 121 until March 1

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

FEMALE _____ MALE _____ PHONE _____

I.D. No. _____

STUDENT _____ FACULTY _____ STAFF _____

I hereby declare that I will jog a minimum of three miles a week for eight weeks through January and February 1978 as my part in the University of Waterloo - University of Victoria Jogger Challenge.

Signature _____

Free coffee when you register

FACULTY of LAW

THE FACULTY OF LAW OFFERS A THREE YEAR PROGRAMME LEADING TO THE DEGREE OF BACHELOR OF LAWS. ADMISSION IS DECIDED ON A COMPETITIVE BASIS AND NORMALLY IS RESTRICTED TO CANDIDATES WHO HAVE SUCCESSFULLY COMPLETED AT LEAST THREE FULL YEARS OF A PROGRAMME LEADING TO AN UNDERGRADUATE DEGREE.

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Telephone: 477-6911
(local 4831)

LETTERS

Railway rip-off

Sir:

The Canadian Pacific Railway and the Canadian Transport Commission have completely disregarded the wishes of Vancouver Island. The previous C.T.C. decision which ordered the C.P.R. to resume service to Courtenay has been blatently disregarded in this recent C.T.C. decision. Vancouver Island has been a cornucopia of wealth to the C.P.R. and is continuing to be so.

By dividing their timber, real estate and transportation holdings, they have made the Esquimalt and Nanaimo Railway appear to be a loss. However, compared with the millions they glean every year from Vancouver Island, it is the proverbial drop in the bucket. The C.P.R. has ignored the fact the number of persons riding the Dayliner has increased every year since 1969. It is interesting to speculate what would happen if the C.P.R. initiated commuter service from Nanaimo south, ran excursion outings such as ski trips or arranged weekend up-Island trips in conjunction with one of the major hotels. Yet the C.P. R. maintains it has discharged all its legal and moral obligations to the Island. They were given a land grant one and one-half times the size of Prince Edward Island, plus cash subsidies "to provide passenger and freight service between Esquimalt and Campbell River". The Campbell River line was never built.

In 1976 at the C.T.C. hearings in Victoria, Ronald Smith, regional planner for the Cowichan Valley Regional District promoted the idea of the Dayliner leaving Nanaimo at 6:40 A.M. and reaching Victoria at 8:10 A.M.—a perfect commuter service. Other arguments too numberous to mention were presented against the C.P.R. The result of the hearings was that the two trestles north of Parksville were to be rebuilt and full passenger and freight service restored. Now they are given permission to suspend passenger service. At a time when trains are emerging as the only solution to the energy crisis and pollution, the C.T.C. makes this illogical decision. S.W. Stokes, then representing the Nanaimo-Cowichan and the Islands NDP, stated that "closing branch rail lines had increased, rather than diminished regional disparity in Canada, the only industrialized nation reducing railway service."

I hope in the up-coming Oak Bay by-election candidates will make their positions clear. Vic Stephens, the Tory leader, is strongly in favor of maintaining passenger service. It will be interesting to see what the Liberal Leader Gordon Gibson has to say. It is his party that has emasculated rail service in Canada. Premier Bennett has stated his government will launch an exhaustive appeal to the C.T.C. decision. If successful, he deserves full credit. However, if he is not, his government will enter into the annals of this province as having been a partner to one of the biggest rip-offs in the history of Vancouver Island.

Yours truly,
Ian Baird, President,
UVic Railway Club

Finance freedom

Sir:

Last week's **Martlet** article disclosing the involvement of several national banks with an international consortium financially backing South Africa's official government was extremely alarming.

For three hundred years the indigenous people of South Africa have been uprooted and subjugated by European imperialists. Mankind is finally coming to the realization that the color of skin is not a criterion for superiority, and yet Prime Minister John Vorster and his backers continue to hold out against this reality. Their practice of apartheid, which amounts to imprisoning Black Africans in abject "homelands", and exploiting them as essentially a slave labor force, ranks as one of the most extreme forms of injustice in the world today.

That my meager savings in the Bank of Montreal were in any way associated with this was enough reason to immediately close my account. I hope that Brian Gardiner and the AMS will take consideration of the "inconvenience" in transferring the AMS accounts to a credit union or trust fund as compared to the "inconvenience" which 13 million Black Africans experience in South Africa.

I strongly urge all students and faculty to do the same.

Sincerely yours,
Daniel H. Lowenstein.

Athletes cheered

Sir:

The story on women athletes was great! Print more of that kind of information. Though one doesn't expect such informative articles from the usual downtown dailies, one would expect Monday's Go for Sports to get with it... but as yet they've been stuck in the conventional, not seeing the contribution and participation of women.

The articles relevant to women have been bright spots. As for those who feel there is too much "Women's Lib", they might stop and realize that more women than men are enrolled at UVic.

Name withheld

Rhetoric just not enough

Sir:

This letter is addressed to Ben Webb, our "shoot from the hip" internal vice president.

When Morgan Witzel criticized the AMS for its apparent air of secrecy, he did not want a public debate with you—he wanted answers! So do I. According to **Ring** figures (Dec. 7, no. 18, page 6), the AMS sent out 9508 ballots to students, of which 628 were used. That means 8880 ballots were wasted. How much did that cost us, Ben? According to the **Ring**, this is the usual result for elections. Surely there is a better, more economical, more practical way to practice our democratic right to vote.

Furthermore, I support Morgan's demand for more information on the "amorphous blot"—if you are incapable of supplying it, I suggest you resign your position.

Not rhetorical questions—I expect an answer soon!

Stephen Harding
First Year A & SC.

Thinking of Teaching?

an invitation to the
FACULTY OF EDUCATION'S

INFORMATION MEETING

for senior students in Arts & Science and Fine Arts

February 2nd

Thursday
12.30 - 1.30
MAC 144

COUNSELLING CENTRE

Academic Skills Workshop on

- reading speed & comprehension
- note-making
- note-taking
- managing study time
- researching and writing essays
- controlling academic stress
- writing examinations

Start 23 January 1978

Group Workshop on

- Assertive Behaviour
- Human Sexuality
- Interpersonal Communication
- Self-defeating Behaviours
- Tension & Anxiety
- Vocational Planning
- Weight Control

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Confidential counselling on personal, social learning or career concerns
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EDITORIALS

UVic as reformer

By GENE JAMIESON, Martlet Staff

As seen by the front page story in this week's **Martlet**, the University of Victoria, our university, is using money, in our name, to invest in companies and banks that practice discrimination and repression through financial support of repressive regimes. The situation in South Africa, Guatemala and Chile has landed on our very doorsteps.

But what are we supposed to do about it; what is our responsibility as a university community?

It has often been claimed by academics and students that the university performs a valuable service as a critic and questioner of the status quo. These people claim that the university has a leading role in reforming society and must retain this critical posture if it is to be useful to society.

If accepted, this means that it is up to us to stand up against this injustice, to show our disapproval in the most effective way. From our generation will come the next leaders of the country and we must begin now to act in this capacity against these great social injustices in the world. Our own country has been brought to its knees economically largely because of the injustices and greed that apathy has allowed to flourish.

It is a sad fact that universities have become bulwarks of the status quo rather than critics and questioners and the training ground for just and capable leaders. UVic is as guilty as any, as exemplified by the fact the administration has allowed these controversial investments to be made in the name of the University of Victoria.

Thus, in order to become a useful vis-a-vis critical part of society we must start by setting an **example** to society. The most tangible and effective way of doing this now, is by withdrawing our controversial investments and by setting up some sort of investment criteria which not only researches the possible profits, as the criteria does not, but also researches the social ramifications of the investments.

Talk **is** cheap; **action** is what is needed, and it is our responsibility, no less our obligation, as a university community to act on this investment issue by withdrawing these investments in injustice and researching more fully our future investments.

Guidelines needed for moral stance

By OWEN TOOP, Martlet Staff

The Representative Assembly decision Sunday to investigate withdrawing controversial long-term investments was a wise move.

The investigation was proposed by AMS President Brian Gardiner as an addition to a motion by Vic Wells calling on the AMS to cease dealing with any banks holding investments in South Africa.

Although Gardiner did not say so, it was obvious he had in mind the AMS' 300 shares in B.C. Tel preferred stock, valued at between $4000 and $5000.

The investment was made last September as part of the AMS Capital Replacement Fund. The fund looks after replacing furniture and equipment and financing minor repairs in the Student Union Building. At the time the AMS was attempting to make up for past years when its constitutionally required $5000 to the fund had not been fully donated.

At the time B.C. Tel was not engaged in a labor dispute and its preferred blue chip stock looked to be a wise—and non-controversial—investment.

Today we find ourselves in the absurd position of the AMS considering refusing to pay its phone bill, in support of locked out B.C. Tel employees, while at the same time having a vested interest in the corporation getting the best of its employees.

This all need not have happened, had the AMS had stricter guidelines to screen investments—according to its own moral stance rather than simply to the present premise that if it makes money it is good.

Even under such guidelines the AMS would doubtless make mistakes. B.C. Tel itself may have seemed a non-controversial investment at the time. Also, when one deals with large blue chip corporations one finds very few that have not at some time broken the law, abused human rights or exploited its employees.

Nonetheless, such guidelines would be an improvement on the moral voide that presently exists. The AMS should not be too heavily criticised for its September judgement. It lacked a framework. Let us hope that framework exists in the future.

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Same question obsesses cabinet ministers

By KEN SIMONS, Martlet Editor

Provincial ministers of education are meeting in Victoria this week. While we wish them luck, we've also got the sneaking suspicion that they're well off the track of education and wasting valuable time flogging Canada's favorite whipping boy—national unity.

Jacques-Yvan Morin is the Quebec minister of education. He has been swamped with reporters and bombarded with pointed questions since the start of the ministers' conference Monday. How come? It definitely is not because of any strong views he has on the quality of education in Canada. No—it's simply because M. Morin represents the **Parti Quebecois**. No one gives a damn whether or not he represents the duly constituted government of the province of Quebec, and its ministry of education. No matter what the sincerity of any Quebec cabinet ministers may be on any issue, the tenor and the direction of **any** meeting or consultation involving them is turned, twisted and otherwise sidetracked to the issue of **Canadian national unity**. (This could well be the only national rallying cry that could be mistaken for the name of a mortgage company.)

It's a pity this sort of distraction must happen. Maybe, we suspect, it's because they've got no better way to avoid confronting the important issues. It's much easier to neglect quality of education and effectiveness of education when one has a few hidebound cliches to set up on a pedestal.

Who needs new res?

By LAURIE BRINKLOW, Martlet Staff

The much-needed new 302 room residence at UVic has been in the works now for several years, but it has only been in the past few months that the idea has become a reality. And now, with heavy equipment disturbing the peace behind Lansdowne Residence, the question of how necessary they really are is disturbing a few people in other places as well.

The present residence facility consisting of Lansdowne and Craigdarroch residences houses 600 students. Up until this year there has always been a long waiting-list to get in, but for some reason there are empty rooms all over the place and advertising has done little to alleviate the problem. This then brings to mind the feasibility of the new residence—how does Housing Services expect to fill 302 single rooms when they can't fill existing facilities?

At the beginning of the 1977-78 winter session, the residences were filled to capacity with a fairly lengthy waiting list. But, for different personal reasons, students have been moving out in increasing numbers, and Housing seems to be facing some difficulty in filling the vacancies. The many advantages of living on-campus are obvious—being so close to the library, classrooms and gym facilities, the social atmosphere is great and certainly 302 single rooms for 3rd year and above students are attractive for next year. But perhaps the major downfall of the new residence is that it does not contain cooking facilities as was once proposed. This feature certainly would have attracted young and old students alike.

But as it is, the food situation in residence is pretty poor and this fact has turned into a major disadvantage. When asked the reason for moving, the students invariably head the list with "food". And, for the students who are still living in residence, this reason is perfectly understandable. In fact, many wish it were they who were leaving.

It seems that food has always been a problem in the UVic residence. A few years back the meals became so bad that the students actually went on strike and refused to eat there. The staff wouldn't throw the food away and reheated and served it for several days afterward. Finally, the administration intervened and fired the whole kitchen staff. Consequently, the food improved with the new staff, but since then, it has grown steadily worse once more.

When the students complain, they are told to try to understand that the staff is cooking for 600 people and it really isn't that bad. But other institutions seem to be able to present much better fare for their residents without too much hassle. And now with the new residence being built, next year the situation can only get worse. The kitchen facility in the Commons Block is capable of cooking for and serving 1200 people. But as it is this year, students already have to wait in 20 minute line-ups for food that invariably ends up in the garbage can.

As a solution, proposals have been made in which next year's students will have to eat in shifts in order to shorten line-ups at mealtimes. But, with all the different schedules of the students, this hardly seems practical. The shift idea will undoubtedly require a greater kitchen staff and definitely longer hours by the staff. To cover costs, cutbacks will have to be made (in food quality, no doubt), or else residence fees will rise. It must be noted that during the past few years the cost of living in residence has increased drastically. Therefore, it doesn't take much to figure out what will happen when food services expands to keep up with the anticipated increase. Most likely living in residence will become too expensive, and despite its many advantages, students will find it necessary to turn to off-campus housing.

But as it is, time will tell what is to happen. Perhaps the reason for so many vacancies is not the food, but is merely a seasonal trend toward living off-campus and next year will bring a reversal. But if it is not so, and the food is the main reason, then it appears that Housing Services has miscalculated somewhere and someone will be left to cover the costs. And you can bet it won't be Housing Services.

FRIDAY JAN.20

COMMONS BLOCK 9 - 1 a.m.

A.M.S. DANCE

FEATURING

THE ROCKET NORTON BAND

STUDENTS $2.00

GUESTS $3.00

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